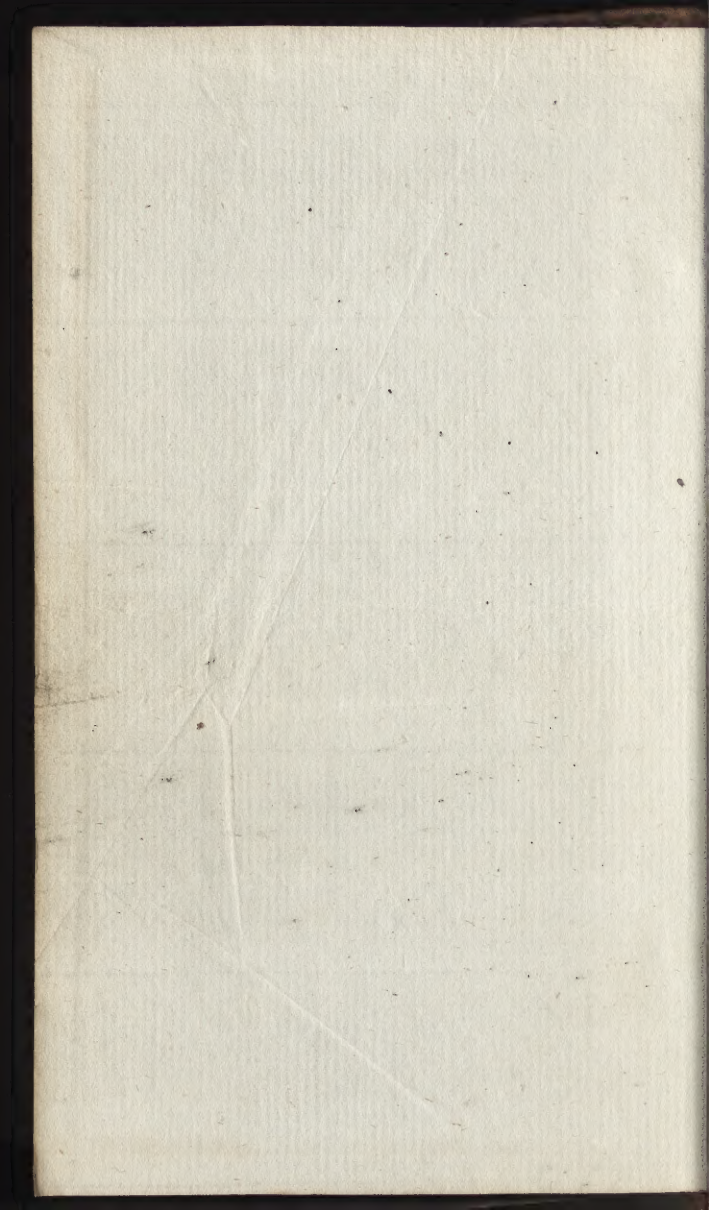
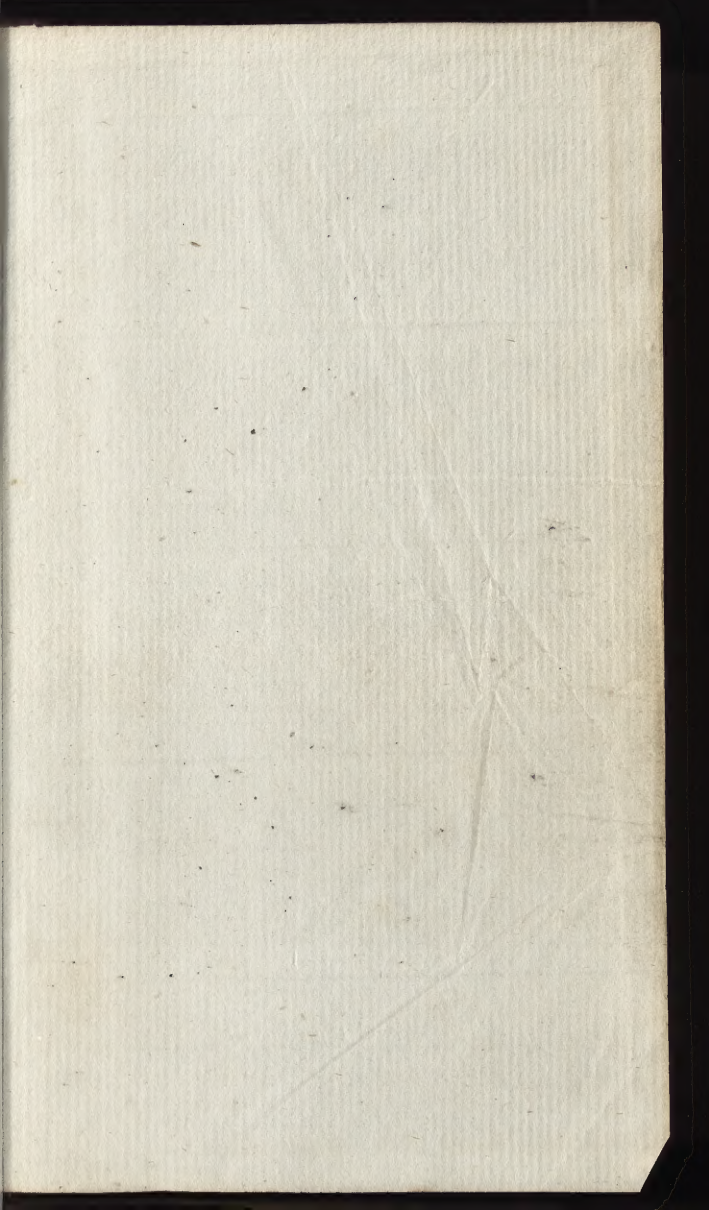


vol 2 of 2







WALPOLIANA.

VOL. II.

Fari quæ Sentiat.

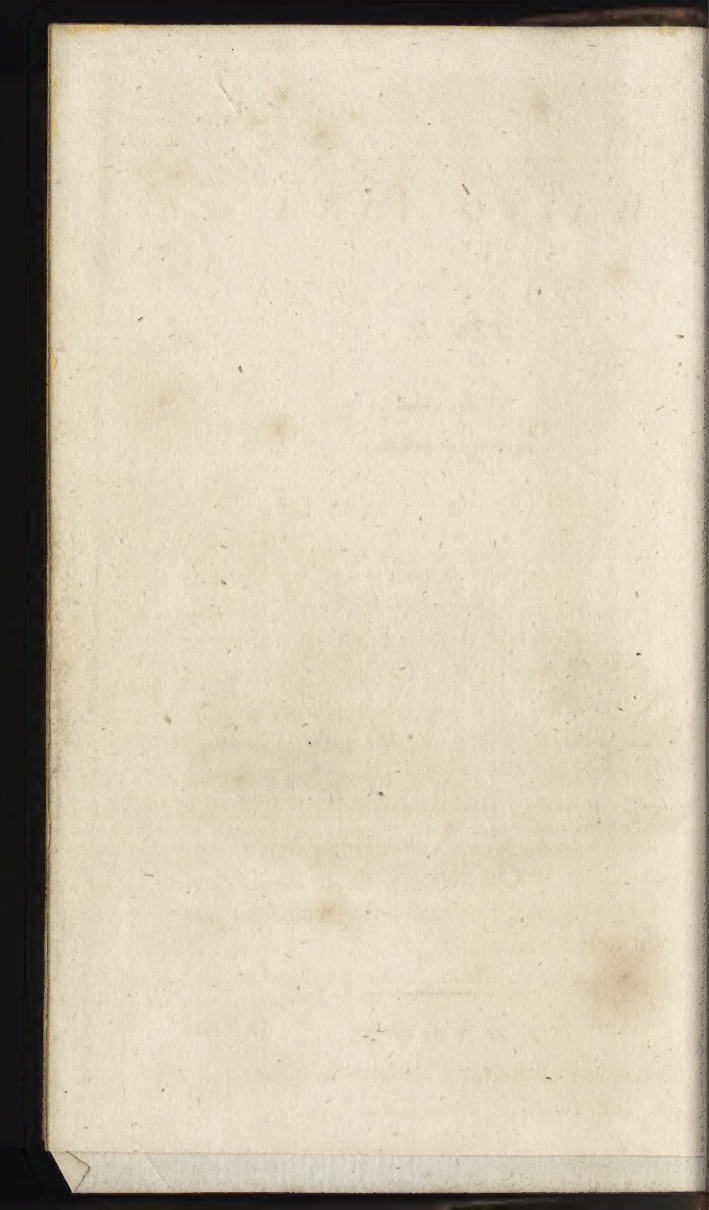


Strawberry Hill.

L O N D O N.

Printed for R. Phillips, 71, St Paul's Church Yard.

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WALPOLIANA.

I. FRENCH NATIONALITY.

THE Abbé Raynal came, with some Frenchmen of rank, to see me at Strawberry-hill. They were standing at a window, looking at the prospect to the Thames, which they found flat, and one of them said in French, not thinking that I and Mr. Churchill overheard them, "Every thing in England only serves to recommend France to us the more." Mr. Churchill instantly stepped up, and said, "Gentlemen, when the Cherokees were in this country they could eat nothing but train-oil."

II. CRITICISM ON GRAY.

Gray should not have admitted

“Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
into his beautiful ode. “Towers of Cæsar”
would have been unexceptionable. He goes
merely on tradition, it is true; but we know
that the Romans were not possessed of Lon-
don, nor any part of this country, in the time
of Julius Cæsar. Under Claudius they were.
Tradition can never be alleged for an abso-
lute impossibility.

III. BRUCE’S TRAVELS.

Bruce’s book is both dull and dear. We
join in clubs of five, each pays a guinea,
draw lots who shall have it first, and the last
to keep it for his patience.

Bruce’s overbearing manner has raised en-
mity and prejudices; and he did wrong in
retailing the most wonderful parts of his book
in companies. A story may be credible when
attended with circumstances, which seems
false if detached.

I was present in a large company at din-
ner,

ner, when Bruce was talking away. Some one asked him what musical instruments are used in Abyffinia. Bruce hesitated, not being prepared for the question; and at last said, "I think I saw one *lyre* * there." George Selwyn whispered his next man, "Yes; and there is one less since he left the country."

IV. COLISEUM.

When I was at Rome the first time I went into the Coliseum; it was still so stupendous, that though a company of strollers were acting, on a temporary stage, and their audience were sitting on benches, the whole spectacle was so very inconsiderable, that it seemed remote, and not to be noticed in that vast area, of which it occupied a most trifling space. Yet as ancient Romans were not taller than modern, it struck me that the gladiators and actors must have appeared still more diminutive to the original spectators from the elevated arches. They must have been like thousands of flies, gazing at mites from an immense height.

* Same pronunciation as *lyar*.

V. EMPHATIC OATH.

Some time after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the deputies of the reformed were treating with the king, the queen-mother, and some of the council, for a peace. The articles were mutually agreed on; the question was upon the security for performance. After some particulars propounded and rejected, the queen-mother said, "Is not the word of a king sufficient security?" One of the deputies answered, "No, by St. Bartholomew, Madam."

VI. RIDICULE.

We have justly abandoned the maxim that ridicule is a test of truth. It is rather the most powerful weapon of vice, which has scarcely any other mean of attacking virtue, except ridicule and slander, well knowing the consequence. *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.*

VII. THE FIRST STEP.

Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute: "The first step is the only difficulty." This pro-

verb was oddly applied by a lady, who, hearing a canon in the company say that St. Piat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire leagues with it in his hand. "Yes, Madam, two entire leagues."—"I firmly believe it," answered the lady; "on such an occasion *the first step is the only difficulty.*"

VIII. SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette of the Spanish court was the most severe in Europe. One of their kings even fell a victim to it. Philip III. being newly recovered from a dangerous malady, was sitting near a chimney, in which was so large a fire of wood, that he was almost stifled. Etiquette did not permit him to rise, nor a common domestic to enter. At length the Marquis de Pobar, chamberlain, came in, but etiquette forbade his interference, and the Duke of Uffeda, master of the household, was sent for. He was gone out; and the flame increased, while the king bore it patiently, rather than violate his dignity. But his blood was so heated, that next morning an erysipelas of the head appeared,

and a relapse of the fever soon carried him off.

IX. ETRURIAN WARE.

Concerning the Etrurian earthen ware see Plutarch's life of Publicola, where there is a long and curious passage mentioning a chariot made of earthen ware; a point of perfection to which it has not yet arrived among us.

X. LANGUET'S LETTERS.

I have read Lord Hailes's edition of Languet's epistles. There are some curious things, particularly his remarks on the English pronunciation of the Latin language.

XI. ERUDITION.

Erudition is excellent when managed by good sense. But how often does it only increase a man's natural fund of nonsense? What do you say to the scholastic question, *Si Deus scit quæ non sciuntur?* Hobbes said, that if he had read as much as the eruditi, he should have been as ignorant as they.

XII. ME-

XII. MEMOIRES DE GRAMMONT.

I find that, in the notes to the Strawberry-hill edition of the *Memoires de Grammont*, republished by Doddsley, and of which I gave you a copy, I have fallen into some mistakes for want of a proper genealogy of the Abercorn family.

[The following little memoir, remitted to the editor by an ingenious correspondent in Ireland, will serve to rectify those mistakes, and will at the same time prove interesting to the admirers of the *Memoires de Grammont*, perhaps the most witty and amusing of literary productions. Mr. Walpole's chief errors occur p. 75 and 273, in which he supposes George to be the eldest son; and thus perplexes several of the anecdotes.]

“James, second Lord Hamilton, married Mary, daughter of James III. and by her had James, third Lord Hamilton, first Earl of Arran. His son James was second Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelheraut, whose eldest son James became insane. John, the second son, was created Marquis of Hamilton in 1599.

“ The third son, Claud, was, in 1585, created Lord Paisley, and his eldest son, James, was made Earl of Abercorn in 1606. By Mariana, daughter of Lord Boyd, he had five sons and three daughters.

“ The three eldest sons failing of issue, the title of Abercorn afterwards fell to the descendants of Sir George, the fourth son. (Alexander, the fifth son, became a count of the empire, and settled in Germany, where his posterity still remain.)

“ Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn, married Mary*, third sister to James, first Duke of Ormond

* “ Her nieces, daughters of James, Duke of Ormond, Lady Mary, wife of the Earl of Devonshire, and Lady Elizabeth, second wife of the Earl of Chesterfield, were the reigning beauties of the age. There are pictures of both in the present Earl of Ormond's castle at Kilkenny. Lady Chesterfield was of a delicate form and low stature; her daughter married John, Earl of Strathmore.

“ The scandalous chronicles of those times charge her husband, the Earl of Chesterfield, with having caused her to take the sacrament upon her innocence, respecting any intimacy with the Duke of York, and having then bribed his chaplain to put poison into the sacramental cup, of which she died. His son, Lord Stanhope, by his third wife (father of Lord Chesterfield the author), married Gertrude Saville, daughter

Ormond (she died in 1680), and by her he had,

“ 1. James, groom of the bedchamber to Charles II. and colonel of a regiment. Being on board the fleet with the Duke of York, a cannon-ball carried off his leg, and he died the 6th of June, 1673. From him springs the present Earl of Abercorn.

“ 2. George, Count Hamilton, a marshal de camp in the French service. He married Frances Jennings, sister to the Duchesse of Marlborough, and left three daughters; Elizabeth, wedded to Viscount Ross; Frances, to Viscount Dillon; Mary, to Viscount Kingland.

daughter of the Marquis of Halifax. The marquis and earl quarrelled, and the latter made his son bring his wife to Litchfield, breaking off all intercourse between the families. Lady Stanhope had always on her toilette her father's “ Advice to a Daughter:” her father-in-law took it up one day, and wrote in the title-page, “ Labour in vain.” On her side, the lady made her servant out of livery carry in his pocket a bottle of wine, another of water, and a cup; and whenever she dined or supped in company with her father-in-law, either at his own house or abroad, she never would drink but of those liquors, from her servant's hand, as a hint to the Earl, and society present, of what his lordship was suspected of having effected by a sacred beverage.”

“ (By

“ (By which last marriage the pictures I saw at Tarvey, Lord Kingland’s house, came to him. I particularly recollect the portraits of Count Hamilton and his brother Antony; and two of Madame Grammont, one taken in her youth, the other in an advanced age.)

“ 3. The third son of Sir George was Antony, who followed King James into France, where he died a lieutenant-general.

“ 4. Thomas, a captain in the sea-service, died in New-England.

“ 5. Richard, died a lieutenant-general in France.

“ 6. John, a colonel, slain at the battle of Aghrim.

“ As Sir George Hamilton was governor of the castle of Ninagh in 1649, from that, and his affinity to the Duke of Ormond, it has been concluded that his children were all born in Ireland *.

* He afterwards went abroad, and did not return till the restoration, when he was created a baronet. Dougl. Peet. Sir George himself was probably born in Scotland. Any of his children, born between 1649 and 1660, may claim a foreign birth. *Edit.*

“ He

“ He had also three daughters.

“ 1. Elizabeth, wedded to Philibert, Count de Grammont, by whom she had a daughter, who became the wife of Henry, Earl of Stafford. Tradition reports that Grammont, having attached, if not engaged, himself to Miss Hamilton, went off abruptly for France; that Count [George] Hamilton pursued and overtook him at Dover, when he thus addressed him: “ My dear friend, I believe you have forgot a circumstance that should take place before your return to France.” To which Grammont answered, “ True, my dear friend; what a memory I have! I quite forgot that I was to marry your sister; but I will instantly accompany you back to London, and rectify that forgetfulness.” It is hardly requisite to add, that the witty Count de Grammont is not recorded to have been a man of personal courage.

“ 2. Lucy, married to Sir Donogh O’Brien, of Lemineagh.

“ 3. Margaret, to Matthew Forde, Esq. of Coolgraney, Wexford.

“ (With his descendant at Seaford,
county

county Down, I saw the picture of Count [George] Hamilton, dressed in the French uniform; the painting not near so good as that in the Kingsland family.)

“ Frances Jennings, widow of Count Hamilton, was secondly married to Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel. She died at his house in Paradise-row, Dublin, I think in the year 1736. Her death was occasioned by her falling out of her bed upon the floor, in a winter’s night; and being too feeble to rise or to call, was found in the morning so perished with cold, that she died in a few hours. She was of very low stature, and extremely thin; and had not the least trace in her features of having ever been a beauty.”

XIII. PUFF DRESS.

An old general used to dress in a fantastic manner, by way of puff. It is true people would say, “ Who is that old fool ? ” but it is as true that the answer was, “ That is the famous general, * * *, who took such a place.”

XIV. TRICK

XIV. TRICK AGAINST LAW.

A Jew and a Christian, both Italians, united their endeavours in a snuff-shop. On Saturday, the sabbath, the Jew did not appear; but on Sunday he supplied the place of the Christian. Some scruples were started to the Jew, but he only answered, *Trovata la legge, trovato l'inganno*, "When laws were invented, tricks were invented."

XV. VALUE OF JUSTICE.

An attorney in France having bought a charge of *bailiff* for his son, advised him never to work in vain, but to raise contributions on those who wanted his assistance. "What! father," said the son in surprise, "would you have me sell justice?"—"Why not?" answered the father: "Is so scarce an article to be given for nothing?"

XVI. HISTORY.

The example of Sully shews that the study of history is practically useful to a statesman, for he tells us, in his *Memoirs*, that he was
much

much given to it; and he proved the first of all ministers.

XVII. ODD MEDAL.

Vertue, in his manuscripts, mentions a small silver medal of Lucy, Duchess of Portsmouth, reverse Cupid on a woolpack. I have not seen it.

XVIII. FURNITURE.

I like our old walnut-tree furniture as well as mahogany. But ebony was a luxury of our ancestors. My ebony chairs in the Holbein room cost me a handsome sum, though not the most elegant of the kind.

XIX. AUTHORS.

Fletcher, in his *Locustæ*, has an odd line on authors:

The goose lends them a spear, and every rag a shield.

XX. PREMATURE.

A man married a girl who brought him a child in six weeks. His friends rallying him,
and

and saying the child had come too soon, "You are mistaken," answered he; "it was the ceremony which was too late."

XXI. FEMALE QUARRELS.

The *spretæ injuria formæ* is the greatest with a woman. A man of rank, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, "Did they call each other ugly?"—"No."—"Well, well; I shall soon reconcile them."

XXII. CLERICAL SARCASM.

In some parish-churches it was the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short, when a woman, eager for the honour of the sex, arose and said, "Your reverence, it is not among us."—"So much the better," answered the priest; "it will be over the sooner."

XXIII. MODEST DEATH.

I am fond of Fontenelle, and of every anecdote relating to him. He was told that
an

an actress had died of the small-pox. "Very modest!" exclaimed he.

XXIV. SMART EPISTLE.

The French civil wars often display wit ;
ours are dull. The answer of the captain of
Hume Castle to Colonel Fenwicke, who
summoned it in the name of Cromwell, is,
however, whimsical. I think I can turn to
it. Here it is.

" RIGHT HONOURABLE,

" I have received a trumpeter of yours,
as he tells me, without your pass (*he had for-
got it, it seems, and left it behind him upon the
table*), to render Hume Castle to the Lord
General Cromwell. Please you, I never saw
your general, nor know your general. As for
Hume Castle, it stands upon a rock.

" Given at Hume Castle, this day before
seven o'clock. So resteth, without prejudice
of his native country,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN COCKBURN."

XXV. MAXIM OF WRITING.

We must speak to the eyes, if we wish to affect the mind.

XXVI. HIEROGLYPHIC.

A farmer of the *gabelle* on salt had built a villa like a palace. Displaying it to his friends, it was observed, that a statue was wanting for a large niche in the vestibule. "I mean to put there," said the farmer, "some allegorical statue relating to my business."—"You may then put Lot's wife, who was changed to a statue of salt," answered one of his friends.

XXVII. FOOLS BY PROFESSION.

Our court-fools ceased with the reign of Charles I. L'Angely was the last in France. He was presented by the Prince of Conti to Louis XIV. Being asked why he never attended sermon, he answered, "Because I hate noise, and do not understand reasoning."

XXVIII. ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

A French officer being just arrived at the court of Vienna, and the empress hearing that he had the day before been in company with a great lady, asked him if it were true that she was the most handsome princess of her time? The officer answered, with great gallantry, "Madam, I thought so yesterday."

XXIX. ALGAROTTI.

Algarotti is a lively and pleasant writer, and sometimes conveys his thoughts in elegant metaphor; for example: "Lo stile di Bacone, uomo di altissima dottrina, abbonda di vivissimi pensieri. Nella maggior profondità d'acqua, si trovano le perle piu grosse." "The style of Bacon, a man of the most profound learning, abounds in most lively thoughts. In the greater depth of water the larger pearls are found."

XXX. ROMANCE TONGUE.

I find that it was about the ninth century that barbarous Latin began to give place to
the

the modern languages of France, Spain, and Italy. The council of Tours, in the year 813, ordered the priests to preach in *romance*, that they might be understood by the people. We have an odd idea that the clergy did not preach before the reformation. The Roman Catholic clergy always preached, and do preach, in the vulgar tongue.

XXXI. RIDDLE.

The French delight to try the *esprit* of children by a kind of riddles. For example: A man has a little boat, in which he must carry, from one side of a river to the other, a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage; and must not carry more than one of these at once. Which shall he take first, without the risk that, during one of his navigations, the wolf may devour the goat, or the goat the cabbage? Suppose he carry the wolf, the cabbage is lost—if the cabbage, the goat is devoured—if the goat, the embarrassment is equal; for he must risk his goat, or his cabbage, on the other side of the river.

The answer is, he must take the goat first,

C a

the

the wolf will not touch the cabbage; in the second passage he carries the cabbage, and brings back the goat; in the third he transports the wolf, which may again be safely left with the cabbage. He concludes with returning for the goat.

XXXII. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Or. 1784.

* * * * *

I AM much obliged to you for the many civil and kind expressions in your letter, and for the friendly information you give me. Partiality, I fear, dictated the former; but the last I can only ascribe to the goodness of your heart.

I have published nothing of any size but the pieces you mention, and one or two small tracts, now out of print and forgotten. The rest have been prefaces to some of my Strawberry editions, and to a few other publications, and some fugitive pieces, which I reprinted some years ago in a small volume, and which shall be at your service, with the Catalogue of Noble Authors.

With

With regard to the bookseller who has taken the pains of collecting my writings for an edition (amongst which I do not doubt but he will generously bestow on me many that I did *not* write, according to the liberal practice of such compilers), and who also intends to write my life, to which (as I never did any thing worthy of the notice of the public, he must likewise be a volunteer contributor) it would be vain for me to endeavour to prevent such a design. Whosoever has been so unadvised as to throw himself on the public, must pay such a tax in a pamphlet or magazine when he dies; but happily the insects that prey on carrion are still more short-lived than the carcases were from which they draw their nutriment. Those momentary abortions live but a day, and are thrust aside by like embryos. Literary characters, when not illustrious, are known only to a few literary men; and amidst the world of books, few readers can come to my share. Printing, that secures existence (in libraries) to indifferent authors of any bulk, is like those cases of Egyptian mummies which, in

catacombs, preserve bodies of one knows not whom, and which are scribbled over with characters that nobody attempts to read, till nobody understands the language in which they were written.

I believe, therefore, it will be most wise to swim for a moment on the passing current, secure that it will soon hurry me into the ocean where all things are forgotten. To appoint a biographer is to bespeak a panegyric; and I doubt whether they who collect their works for the public, and, like me, are conscious of no intrinsic worth, do but beg mankind to accept of talents (whatever they were) in lieu of virtues. To anticipate spurious publications by a comprehensive and authentic one, is almost as great an evil; it is giving a body to scattered atoms; and such an act in one's old age is declaring a fondness for the indiscretions of youth, or for the trifles of an age, which, though more mature, is only the less excuseable. It is most true, Sir, that so far from being prejudiced in favour of my own writings, I am persuaded, that had I thought early as I think now, I
should

should never have appeared as an author. Age, frequent illness, and pain, have given me as many hours of reflection in the intervals of the two latter, as the two latter have drawn from reflection; and, besides their shewing me the inutility of all our little views, they have suggested an observation that I love to encourage in myself from the rationality of it. I have learnt and have practised the humiliating task of comparing myself with great authors; and that comparison has annihilated all the flattery that self-love could suggest. I know how trifling my own writings are, and how far below the standard that constitutes excellence; for the shades that distinguish mediocrity, they are not worth discrimination; and he must be very modest, or easily satisfied, who can be content to glimmer for an instant a little more than his brethren glow-worms. Mine therefore, you find, Sir, is not humility, but pride! When young I wished for fame, not examining whether I was capable of attaining it, nor considering in what lights fame was desirable. There are two parts of

honest fame; that attendant on the truly great; and that better sort that is due to the good. I fear I did not aim at the latter, nor discovered, till too late, that I could not compass the former. Having neglected the best road, and having, instead of the other, strolled into a narrow path that led to no goal worth seeking, I see the idleness of my journey, and hold it more graceful to abandon my wanderings to chance or oblivion, than to mark solicitude for trifles, which I think so myself.

I beg your pardon for talking so much of myself; but an answer was due to the unmerited attention which you have paid to my writings. I turn with more pleasure to speak on yours. Forgive me if I shall blame you, whether you either abandon your intention, or are too impatient to execute it. A mere recapitulation of authenticated facts would be dry. A more enlarged plan would demand much acquaintance with the characters of the actors, and with the *probable* sources of measures. The present time is accustomed to details and anecdotes;
and

and the age immediately preceding one's own is less known to any man than the history of any other period.

* * * * *

Your obliged and obedient

humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XIII. DE CALLIERES.

The book of De Callieres, *De la science du monde*, is very well written. It was the foundation, I believe, of the pamphlet called *The Polite Philosopher*.

XXXIV. DANTE.

Dante is a difficult author. I wish we had a complete translation in prose, with the original on the opposite page, like the French one of the *Inferno*, printed at Paris in 1776.

XXXV. NEWS.

Renaudot, a physician, first published at Paris, in 1631, a *Gazette*, so called from *Gazetto*, a coin of Venice paid for the reading of
of

of manuscript news. In more early times our chief nobility had correspondents abroad on purpose to write what were called "Letters of News."

XXXVI. ROTROU.

Rotrou's Venceslas is the best of the French tragedies, anterior to Corneille. It ought to be reprinted, as it is only to be found in the scarce ancient edition, or in large collections.

XXXVII. D'HANCARVILLE.

That book of D'Hancarville's is very foolish. He is puzzled why all barbarous nations have similar idols and customs; and yet is not puzzled at their all having two eyes and a nose. The human mind and the human form are every where similar. All nations find milk very useful; yet d'Hancarville is deplorably wise on the universal veneration paid to bulls and cows. A little good-sense is worth all the erudition in the world,

And, though no science, fairly worth the seven.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII. FRENCH ROYAL AUTHORS.

Louis XIV. translated from Cæsar, with the assistance of his governor, "La Guerre des Suisses," Paris, 1651, folio, from the royal press of the Louvre.

By his successor we have, "Cours des principaux Fleuves et Rivières de l'Europe: ouvrage composé et imprimé par S. M. très Chrétienne Louis XV. Roi de France et de Navarre. Paris, de l'imprimerie du Cabinet de sa Majesté, 1718, 8vo."—"The Course of the chief Rivers in Europe, composed and printed by his most Christian Majesty Louis XV. &c. Paris, from the King's cabinet Press."

Philip of France, only brother of Louis XIV. translated Florus, Paris 1670, 12mo. It was published by La Mothe le Vayer.

It is surprising that Louis XI. should appear among the royal authors of France. He wrote for the instruction of his son, "Le Rosier des Guerres;" a work divided into two parts, the first moral, the last historical. The first is in the form of maxims; for example:

"If

“ If a king wish to raise pure hands to heaven, let him be contented with his own domain, and the ancient subsidies: the greatest necessity of the public weal can alone authorise the imposition of new taxes.”

“ When men formed communities, and built towns, and appointed masters over them, it was only in order to obtain justice, and help against injuries: hence it is the prime duty of a king to prevent oppression, and distribute justice.”

XXXIX.. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 18, 1786.

I AM much obliged to you, dear Sir, for the notice, and your kind intentions. I have various copies of King Charles's collection; but the one you mention is probably more curious, and what I should be very glad to have; and if I can afford it will give whatever shall be thought reasonable; for I would by no means take advantage of the poor man's ignorance or necessity; and therefore should wish to have it estimated by some connoisseur: and though the notes may be foolish,

foolish, they would not prejudice the information I should like to get. I must go to town on Friday, and will call on you: and if you cannot be at home, be so good as to leave the MS. and I will bring it back to you the next day, or Sunday, as I return hither.

Yours sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XL. POISSARDES.

The *harangeres*, or fish-women at Paris, form a sort of body-corporate. In the time of Louis XIV. the Dauphin having recovered from a long illness, the fish-women deputed four of their troop to offer their congratulations. After some difficulties, the ladies were admitted by the King's special command, and conducted to the Dauphin's apartment. One of them began a sort of harangue, "What would have become of us if our dear Dauphin had died? We should have lost our all." The King meanwhile had entered behind, and being extremely jealous of his power and *glory*, frowned at this ill-judged

ill-judged compliment; when another of the deputation, with a ready wit, regained his good graces, by adding, " True; we should have lost our all—for our good King could never have survived his son, and would doubtless have died of grief." The naïf policy of this unexpected turn was much admired.

XLII. HENRY VIII.

Your argument that Henry VIII. might have retained the church-lands, and thus have secured a great revenue, is well enough in theory. But, in fact, he could not have kept them; it was necessary to distribute them, in order to interest others in the support of his innovations. I believe he forgot the northern peers; and this led to rebellions in the north.

XLIII. USELESS READING.

Dr Bentley's son reading a novel, the Doctor said, " Why read a book which you cannot quote?"

XLIII. CHARLES I.

The best and most undoubted specimen of
the

the mental powers of Charles I. is his conference with Henderfon.

XLIV. HYPERCRITICISM.

Every thing has its place. Lord Hailes, who is very accurate himself, observed to me, that the chronology of the *Memoires de Grammont* is not exact. What has that book to do with chronology?

XLV. JOCKEYSHIP.

Louis XI. when he was a youth, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him, and brought his little present, a turnip, from his garden, of an extraordinary size. The king smiled, remembered his past pleasures, and ordered a thousand crowns to the peasant.

The lord of his village hearing of this liberality, argued with himself thus: "If this peasant have a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present a fine horse to this munificent monarch, and my fortune is made." As others might entertain the same idea, he
loses

loses no time, but mounts one horse, and leads in his hand a beautiful Barb, the pride of his stable. He arrives at court, and requests the King's acceptance of his little present. Louis highly praised the steed; and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the King exclaimed, "Bring me my turnip"—and added, in presenting it to the *seigneur*, "Hold; this cost me a thousand crowns, and I give it you for your horse."

XLVI. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 30, 1785.

As soon, Sir, as I can see the lady my friend, who is much acquainted with the Archbishop, I will try if she will ask his leave for you to see the books you mention in his library, of which I will give her the list. I did ask Mr. Cambridge where Dr. Lort is; he told me, with the Bishop of Chester, and on an intended tour to the Lakes. I do not possess, nor ever looked into, one of the books you specify; nor Mabillon's *Acta Sanctorum*, nor O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*.

My reading has been very idle, and trifling, and desultory; not that, perhaps, it has not been employed on authors as respectable as those you want to consult, nor that I had not rather read the Deeds of Sinners than *Acta Sanctorum*. I have no reverence but for sensible books, and consequently not for a great number; and had rather have read fewer than I have, than more. The rest may be useful on certain points, as they happen now to be to you, who I am sure would not read them for general use and pleasure, and are a very different kind of author. I shall like, I dare say, any thing you do write; but I am not overjoyed at your wading into the history of dark ages, unless you use it as a canvas to be embroidered with your own opinions, and episodes, and comparisons with more recent times. That is a most entertaining kind of writing. In general, I have seldom wasted time on the origin of nations, unless for an opportunity of smiling at the gravity of the author, or at the absurdity of the manners of those ages; for absurdity and bravery compose almost all the anecdotes we

have of them ; except the accounts of what they never did, nor thought of doing.

I have a real affection for Bishop Hoadley. He stands with me in lieu of what are called *The Fathers* ; and I am much obliged to you for offering to lend me a book of his* ; but as my faith in him and his doctrines has long been settled, I shall not return to such grave studies, when I have so little time left, and desire only to pass it tranquilly, and without thinking of what I can neither propagate nor correct. When youth made me sanguine, I hoped mankind might be set right. Now that I am very old, I sit down with this lazy maxim, that unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly, as it is only making room for some other. Self-interest is thought to govern every man ; yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate ? Do not thousands sacrifice even their lives for single men ? Is not it an established rule in France that every person

* A collection of his small tracts and single sheets, presented by himself to speaker Onslow.

should

should love every king they have in his turn? What government is formed for general happiness? Where is not it thought heresy by the majority to insinuate that the felicity of one man ought not to be preferred to that of millions? Had not I better at sixty-eight leave men to these preposterous notions, than return to Bishop Hoadley, and sigh?

Not but I have a heartfelt satisfaction when I hear that a mind as liberal as his, and who has dared to utter sacred truths, meets with approbation and purchasers of his work. You must not, however, flatter yourself, Sir, that all your purchasers are admirers. Some will buy your book, because they have heard of opinions in it that offend them, and because they want to find matter in it for abusing you. Let them; the more it is discussed, the more strongly will your fame be established. I commend you for scorning any artifice to puff your book; but you must allow me to hope it will be attacked.

I have another satisfaction in the sale of your book; it will occasion a second edition. What if, as you do not approve of confuting

misquoters, you simply printed a list of their false quotations, referring to the identic sentences, at the end of your second edition. That will be preserving their infamy, which else would perish where it was born: and perhaps would deter others from similar forgeries. If any rational opponent staggers you on any opinion of yours, I would retract it; and that would be a second triumph. I am, perhaps, too impertinent and forward with advice: it is at least a proof of zeal; and you are under no obligation to follow my counsel. It is the weakness of old age to be apt to give advice; but I will fairly arm you against myself, by confessing, that when I was young, I was not apt to take any.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XLVII. BEAUTIFUL PROVERB.

Proverbs not only present “le bon gros sens qui court les rues,” but sometimes are expressed in elegant metaphor. I was struck with an oriental one of this sort, which I met
with

with in some book of travels: "With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes fatin."

XLVIII. ODD OBLIGATION.

The Duke of Roquelaure was one of those who, as Madame Sevigné says, "abuse the privilege that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the Duke presented him to the King, and urged his request, saying he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The King granted the request; then asked Roquelaure what were those great obligations. "Ah! Sir, if it were not for him, I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions." This fally excited the royal smile, while the gentleman, with plain good-sense, affected not to hear it.

XLIX. PEARLS.

We read more of pearls than of diamonds, in ancient authors. The ancients had not skill enough to make the most of diamonds;

and the art of engraving on them is not older than the sixteenth century. The most remarkable of modern pearls is that in the Spanish treasury, called *The Pilgrim*. It was in the possession of a merchant, who had paid for it 100,000 crowns. When he went to offer it for sale to Philip IV. the king said, "How could you venture to give so much for a pearl?" The merchant replied, "I knew there was a king of Spain in the world." Philip, pleased with the flattery, ordered him his own price.

L. SELFISHNESS.

The reason why I admit no children with the companies that come to see my house, is, that I have had some trinkets damaged, nay, lost. I thought of the Archbishop of Narbonne, who opened his fine gardens to the citizens, but stuck up notice that no flowers were to be pulled, as they were for the delight of all, and not of any individual. One day, however, being at his window, he perceived a lady, who was destroying a whole parterre to make her dear self a nosegay.

Calling

Calling a servant, he ordered him to give the lady a crown, to enable her to buy flowers. The damsel threw down her theft, and marched off in a rage, which was not alleviated by another message from the Archbishop, "That his garden was only open for those *qui savoient vivre*."

LI. LEGACY FORESTALLED.

A French peer, a man of wit, was making his testament: he had remembered all his domestics, except his steward; "I shall leave him nothing," said he, "because he has served me these twenty years."

LII. MISTAKEN PIETY.

Some passengers were chatting idle nonsense to a parrot, hung out at a window, when a devout old lady came up: "O wickedness!" exclaimed she: "why do you not teach him his creed?"

LIII. NOVEL.

I have read somewhere that *La Comtesse de Mortane*, a novel in two volumes, by Madame Durand, is worth the perusal.

LIV. KNOWLES.

Knowles's History of the Turks is full of long orations, translated from the Latin of Leunclavius. Considered as a history, it is a mass of fables; in point of language, it is the dullest book in the world, with feeble periods of a page long.

LV. AMOROUS SAINT.

I am told that the life of St. Catherine of Sienna contains much curious and equivocal matter.

[The title is *Legenda della seraphica Catherine di Sienna*. Vinegie, 1556, 8vo.]

LVI. HARDOUIN.

Hardouin was a diverting madman. He thought most of the classics were forged by monks. So wrong-headed he was, that you may be sure that what he asserts is false, and what he attacks is true. When he was inculcating his new doctrines of literary forgery to a youth, his disciple, the latter asked him what was to be thought of the scriptures, the canons, the fathers? After a long silence,
Hardouin

Hardouin answered, "Only I and God know the force of your objection."

LVII. SUCKING FATHERS.

Bouhours has written a little work called *Ingenious Thoughts of the Fathers*. There is hardly one worth repeating. Those fathers reason like complete fools. I am convinced that in their time the human mind had become exhausted and debased. The Platonic philosophers of that period are no better reasoners. Christianity was certainly of all the systems then offered the most rational. Perhaps the philosophic idea of the unity of God could never have met with acceptance among the people, except by the mean of Christianity.

LVIII. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, June 29, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

Some time ago you said you would be so kind as to give me a list of the writings of Lord Elibank. I have a mind to complete my account of royal and noble authors, for

which I have amassed a great number of additions, both of works and omitted writers. I shall therefore be much obliged to you, if, without interrupting your own much more valuable writings, you can favour me with that list.

All I know of Lord Elibank's publications are the following :

1. Inquiry into the Origin and Consequence of the public Debts.
2. Thoughts on Money, Circulation, and Paper Currency. Edinb. 1758.
3. A pamphlet on the Scottish peerage, 1771. I do not know the title.

I have a very imperfect memorandum, made long ago, and which being only written with a pencil is almost effaced ; so that all that remains legible are these words, " Lord Lyttelton's correspondents, Lord Elibank's answer to" —

I recollect that it alluded to some remarkable anecdote ; but my memory grows superannuated, and I cannot recover it. Have you any idea ?

I do

I do not even know Lord Elibank's Christian name; was it Patrick?

In 1778 I cut out of a newspaper almost a whole column, containing an account of the death and character of Patrick, Lord Elibank; and as he is there described as a very aged man, I conclude it was the lord I remember, who married the widow of Lord North and Grey, and was brother of Mr. Alexander Murray, imprisoned by the House of Commons.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you here (which I hope will be in about a fortnight, when I shall be free from all engagements), I will, if you care to see it, trouble you with a sight of my intended supplement, to which, perhaps, you can contribute some additions, as I think you told me. I am in no haste, for I only intend to leave it behind me, and have actually put all the materials in order, except the article of Lord Elibank. I do not pretend to shew you any thing worthy of your curiosity, for nothing is more trifling than my writings; but I am glad to lay you under a sort of debt of communication,

tion, in which I am sure of being greatly overpaid.

I can tell you what is truly curious; I have a list (over and above those whom I shall mention, being dead) of at least thirty living authors and authoresses. Would not one think this a literary age? As perhaps you was not aware of what a mass of genius the House of Lords is possessed—I ought rather to say, the peerage of the three kingdoms, and of all, except of two of the ladies (who are five), the works are in print, I will shew you the catalogue; nay, you shall have a copy, if you please, lest so many illustrious names should be lost, when I, their painful chronicler, am not alive to record them. Nor is there an atom of vanity in that expression. Books of peerage are like the precious spices that embalm corpses, and preserve the dead for ages.—Adieu, dear Sir.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LIX. PREJUDICES.

Our passions and prejudices ever mislead us. There is a French *ben trovato* on this topic. A curate and his wife had heard that the moon was inhabited; a telescope was borrowed, and the lady had the first peep. "I see," said she, "I see two shades inclining towards each other; they are, beyond doubt, happy lovers."—"Poh!" said the curate, looking in his turn; "these two shades are the two steeples of a cathedral."

LX. EMPHATIC REPROOF.

I have heard of a general officer, who may be classed with the Archbishop of Granada. When he was about ninety years of age he was disturbed with the noise of some young officers, diverting themselves with some girls. "Is this, gentlemen, the example that I give you?"

LXI. A WELL-DOER.

A father wished to dissuade his daughter from any thoughts of matrimony. "She who marries does well," said he; "but she
who

who does not marry does better.”—“ My father,” she answered meekly, “ I am content with doing well ; let her do better who can.”

LXII. IGNORANT NAIVETE.

And old officer had lost an eye in the wars, and supplied it with a glass one, which he always took out when he went to bed. Being at an inn he took out this eye, and gave it to the simple wench who attended, desiring her to lay it on the table. The maid afterwards still waiting and staring, “ What dost wait for ?” said the officer. “ Only for the other eye, Sir.”

LXIII. AMUSEMENTS OF WAR.

When Louis XIV. besieged Lille, the Count de Brouai, governor of the place, was so polite as to send a supply of ice every morning for the King’s dessert. Louis said one day to the gentleman who brought it, “ I am much obliged to M. de Brouai for his ice, but I wish he would send it in larger portions.” The Spaniard answered, without hesitation, “ Sire, he thinks the siege will be long,

long, and he is afraid the ice may be exhausted." When the messenger was going, the Duke de Charroft, captain of the guards, called out, " Tell Brouai not to follow the example of the governor of Douai, who yielded like a rascal." The King turned round laughing, and said, " Charroft, are you mad !"—" How, Sir !" answered he, " Brouai is my cousin."

In the Memoires de Grammont you will find similar examples of the *amusements* of war. You remember that when Philip of Macedon vanquished the Athenians, in a pitched battle, they sent next morning to demand their baggage; the King laughed, and ordered it to be returned, saying, " I do believe the Athenians think we did not fight in earnest."

LXIV. UNEXCEPTIONABLE TESTAMENT.

Sainfrai, a notary of Paris, was sent for to write the testament of a rich man, who desired him so to word it that no room might be left for contestation among his heirs. " No room for contestation, impossible !" answered

answered Sainfrai. "Jesus Christ, the wisest of men, the son of God, drew up a testament, which has been contested for these seventeen hundred years, and will ever be contested. Can I hope to go beyond him?" So saying, he took his hat, and withdrew.

LXV. EQUITY.

I have read somewhere, I believe in Thuanus, that the inhabitants of a city stipulated with their sovereign, that their judges should not decide causes by equity. They deemed equity a mere pretext for abandoning the letter of the law.

LXVI. A COMMANDMENT.

The evening before a battle, an officer came to ask Marshal Toiras for permission to go and see his father, who was at the point of death. "Go," said the general, who saw through the pretext; "thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the earth."

LXVII.

LXVII. FASHIONS.

It was about the year 1714 that two English ladies, visiting Versailles, set an example of low head-dresses to the French ladies, who at that time wore them so high, arranged like organ-pipes, that their heads seemed in the middle of their bodies. The king loudly expressed his approbation of the superior taste and elegance of the English fashion; and the ladies of the court were of course eager to adopt the new form.

The same ladies are said to have introduced the fashion of large hoops in France; an absurd custom, which the delicate raillery of Addison could not extirpate.

LXVIII. METONYMY.

Scarlet and *purple* are terms sometimes applied, by old French and English poets, to *fine cloth* of any colour, because those superb colours had been originally confined to that sort of cloth. Thus we read of white scarlet, and of green purple.

LXIX. DR. ROBERTSON.

Dr. Robertson's reading is not extensive: he only reads what may conduce to the purpose in hand; but he uses admirably what he does read. His Introduction to the History of Charles V. abounds with gross mistakes. In mentioning the little intercourse among nations, in the middle ages, he says a prior of Cluny expresses his apprehensions of a journey to St. Maur. He supposes the prior's simplicity a standard of the mode of thinking at that time! In many other instances he has mistaken exceptions for rules. Exceptions are recorded, because they are singular; what is generally done escapes record. A receipt may be given for an extravagantly dear book, even now; but that does not imply that books are now very uncommon.

LXX. VALUE OF AN OATH.

A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Christian."—"Will you wager?"—"No,

“No, I won’t wager; but I am ready to swear to it.”

LXXI. STRANGE ERROR.

A tract of Father Paul has been recently published (his *Opinione toccante il governa della Rep. Veneziana*, Londra, 1788, 8vo.), with a pompous preface, saying that this invaluable work is now printed from an undoubted MS. This thing was printed a century and a half ago!

LXXII. APT QUOTATION.

Here is an antiquarian book for you! I have been dipping into it to my sorrow. Most of them are narcotic, but this is irritating; for who can bear insolence, mixed with false reasoning on false foundations? I took down Lucretius to look at a quotation, and an applicable passage caught my eye. I have marked it:

——— in fabrica si falsa est regula prima,
Normaque si fallax notis regionibus exit,
Et libella aliqua si ex parte claudicat hilum,
Omnia mendose fieri, atque obstipa necessum est,
Prava, cubantia, prona, supina, atque absona testæ,
Jam ruere ut quædam videantur velle, ruantque
Prod’ ta judicii fallacibus omnia primis.

LXXIII. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, August 14, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

The new regulation of the post proves very inconvenient to this little district. It arrives and departs again in half an hour; so that having a visit when I received your letter yesterday, I could not possibly answer it then; nor can I write now expeditiously, as for these thirteen days I have had a third fit of the gout in my left arm and hand, and can barely hold the paper.

Your intelligence of the Jubilees to be celebrated in Scotland * in honour of the revolution was welcome indeed. It is a favourable symptom of an age when its festivals are founded on good sense and liberality of sentiment, and not to perpetuate superstition and slavery. Your countrymen, Sir, have proved their good-sense too in their choice of a poet. Your writings breathe the noble, generous spirit congenial to the institution.

* At Glasgow, it should have been.

Give me leave to say, that it is very flattering to me to have the Ode communicated to me.—I will not say, to be consulted, for of that distinction I am not worthy; I am not a poet; and am sure cannot improve your ideas, which you have expressed with propriety and clearness, the necessary ingredients of an address to a populous meeting, for I doubt our numerous audiences are not arrived at olympic taste enough to seize with enthusiasm the eccentric flights of Pindar. You have taken a more rational road to inspiration by adhering to the genuine topics of the occasion; and you speak in so manly a style, that I do not believe a more competent judge could amend your poetry. I approve of it so much, that if you *commanded* me to alter it, I would alter but one word, and would insert but one more. In the second stanza, for

Here ever *gleam'd* the patriot sword,

I would rather read,

Here ever *flash'd*,

as I think *gleam'd* not forcible enough for the
E 3
thought,

thought, nor expressive enough of the vigorous ardour of your heroes. In the third stanza, I think, there wants a syllable, not literally, but to the ear ;

And *slavery*, with arts unblest.

Slavery, if pronounced as three syllables, does not satisfy the fulness of harmony, and besides obliges the tongue to dwell too strongly on *with*, which ought not to occupy much accent. An epithet to *arts* would make the whole line sonorous.

These are trifling criticisms of a trifling critic, but they mark both my attention and satisfaction with your ode. I must add, how beautifully is introduced, *innocent of blood* ! How ought that circumstance to be dwelt upon at the Jubilee of the Revolution !

I will tell you how more than occasionally the mention of Pindar slipped into my pen. I have frequently, and even yesterday, wished that some attempt were made to ennoble our horse-races, particularly at Newmarket, by associating better arts with the courses, as by contributions for odes, the best of which
should

should be rewarded by medals. Our nobility would find their vanity gratified, for as the pedigrees of their steeds would soon grow tiresome, their own genealogies would replace them; and in the mean time poetry and medals would be improved. Their lordships would have judgment enough to know if their horse (which should be the impress on one side) were not well executed; and as I hold there is no being more difficult to draw well than a horse, no bad artist could be employed. Such a beginning would lead further, and the cups or plate for the prize might rise into beautiful verses. But this is a vision; and I may as well go to bed and dream of any thing else. I do not return the ode, which I flatter myself you meant I should keep.

Your much obliged, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I must not forget how difficult it is to write to a given tune, especially with so much ease as you have done; and nothing is more happy than *making November smile as May*.

LXXIV. FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING.

A preacher in Italy was pronouncing the panegyric of his favourite saint, the founder of his order. He compared him with all the celestial hierarchy, and could find no place honourable enough for him, while his long paragraphs were ever closed with the exclamation, "Where shall we place this great patriarch?" An auditor, whose patience was exhausted, rose up, and said, "Since you are so puzzled, he may have my place, for I am going."

I do not know if it were the same preacher who said St. Francis Xavier converted, by one sermon, ten thousand persons in a desert island.

Pere Seraphin, a noted capuchin of pious simplicity, was preaching before Louis XIV. at Versailles, when he perceived the Abbé Fénelon asleep. Stopping in the midst of his discourse, he said, "Wake that abbé who is asleep, and who perhaps only attends here to pay his court to the King." Louis smiled, and pardoned the disrespect, in consideration of the father's simplicity of character.

LXXV. EMBASSADORS.

You remember Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador, "A man sent to tell lies for the good of his country." He should of course have a firm countenance. Louis XIV. delighted in exciting awe and confusion of face in those who approached him, but could not succeed with Baron Pentridge, envoy from the emperor. When he was making his first speech Louis was piqued at his coolness, and sought to embarrass him by calling out, "Speak louder, Mr. Ambassador." Pentridge only answered, "Louder?" raised his voice, and proceeded.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in the curious account of his own life which I printed, tells a good story of a Spanish ambassador, who had abandoned a congress because he could not obtain precedence over the French deputy. On his return to court he waited on the King, and explained the reason of his conduct. "What," said the monarch, "could you think of abandoning such an important business for the sake of a ceremony?"

mony?" The embassador, piqued at the reflection, answered, with great spirit, "A ceremony! What is your majesty yourself but a ceremony?"

LXXVI. USE OF MONASTERIES.

An envoy from Cairo to Lorenzo de Medici asked that wise prince how it came to pass that there were so few mad men at Florence, while the capital of Egypt presented great numbers. Lorenzo, pointing to a monastery, said, "We shut them up in those houses."

LXXVII. REPROOF.

Cardinal Dubois offered an abbey to a bishop, who refused it, because he said he could not reconcile to his conscience the possession of two benefices. The Cardinal, in great surprise, said, "You should be canonised."—"I wish, my lord," answered the Bishop, "that I deserved it; and that you had the power." A delicate reproach of his ambition.

LXXVIII.

LXXVIII. FRIENDSHIP.

In our cold climate friendship seldom ripens much. A friend is a name for a more constant acquaintance. Yet I have heard of a gentleman who laid down his equipage, and retrenched his expences, in order to lay by a sum to assist two children of a deceased friend, who had left them in poverty.

LXXIX. GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

Mr. Gibbon mentions that the palace of Theodosius, represented on one of his coins, is the oldest specimen of Gothic architecture. I doubt the coin and the palace. Perhaps the old shrines for reliques were the real prototypes of this fine species of architecture. Some, as old as Alfred's time, have pointed arches in miniature. It was a most natural transition for piety to render a whole church, as it were, one shrine. The Gothic style seems to bespeak *an amplification of the minute, not a diminution of the great*. Warburton's groves are nonsense; it was not a passage from barbarism to art, but from one species of art to another. The style was at first peculiar to shrines, and then became peculiar to churches.

LXXX.

LXXX. CONCUBINAGE.

Concubinage was lawful, and allowed by the canons of the church, till the 12th century. Our extreme rigour has, as usual, propagated vice. Nothing can be more unjust than the want of any medium between the appellation of wife, and the most degrading contempt. Infamy and vice reciprocally produce each other.

LXXXI. PRINCE EUGENE.

Prince Eugene was at one time so great a favourite in England, that an old maid bequeathed to him 2500*l.*; nay, a gardener left him 100*l.* by his will.

LXXXII. RETORT.

The French like us better abroad than here. A French ambassador said to Lord * * *, “The English are excellent when out of their island.” The peer answered, with great readiness and spirit, “They have then at least the merit of being excellent somewhere.”

LXXXIII.

LXXXIII. NEW PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP.

Sir *** was a great amateur, nay, practiser, of boxing and wrestling; and willingly imparted his knowledge to those who consulted him. A lord in his neighbourhood calling on him one day, they walked into the garden, and the baronet started his favourite topic. The peer's politeness leading him to say that he should wish to see a specimen of the baronet's boasted skill, Sir *** suddenly seized him from behind, and threw him over his head. Up starts my lord in a rage, when the baronet addressed him with great gravity, "My lord, this is a proof of my great friendship for you. This master-stroke I have shewn to no other person living."

LXXXIV. INCREDIBLE FACT.

The Abbé Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The president Rosés, one of the forty, was a great miser, but had paid his quota; which the Abbé not perceiving, he presented

presented the hat a second time. Roses, as was to be expected, said he had already paid. "I believe it," answered Regnier, "though I did not see it."—"And I," added Fontenelle, who was beside him, "I saw it; but I do not believe it."

LXXXV. LEGAL PUZZLE.

A president of the parliament of Paris asked Langlois, the advocate, why he so often burdened himself with bad causes. "My lord," answered the advocate, "I have lost so many good ones, that I am puzzled which to take."

LXXXVI. EASY WRITING.

Easy writing is not easy reading. An author was praised, in the presence of a good judge, for the facility with which he composed; and it was added, that he was not the less modest on that account. "No," answered the critic, "that is not enough; he should be the more humble on that account."

LXXXVII. BUSTS.

When Madame de Staal was writing her Memoirs, a female friend asked her how she would manage when she came to characterise herself, her sensibility, and gallantries. "Oh!" answered Madame, "I shall give only a bust of myself."

In our novels, memoirs, &c. &c. we are great dealers in busts. The French, on the contrary, delight perhaps too much in whole lengths: but they have the merit of anatomising the whole of human nature, while our hypocrisies mutilate the figure, and destroy all its truth.

LXXXVIII. ENVY.

A French general, of a jealous and invidious character, said to the Duke D'Anguien, who had just gained the celebrated battle of Rocroi in 1643, "What can those who envy your glory say now?"—"I do not know," answered the prince; "I wish to ask you."

LXXXIX. FORGERIES.

Forged charters were common in the middle

dle ages. I remember to have read that a monk of Soissons, in the twelfth century, being on his death-bed, confessed that he had forged many charters for different monasteries.

XC. PAUW.

Pauw is an ingenious author, but *trop tranchant*. There are good things in his *Recherches sur les Grecs*; and his idea that Sparta was a mere den of thieves, is certainly just. Their conduct to the Helots shews that they were not only thieves, but assassins; as their descendants are to this day. I cannot make out what he means when he speaks of Varro's collection of portraits, as having been engraved by that great man, and coloured by a lady called Lala. He quotes Pliny as his authority.

XCI. TRUTH.

In all sciences the errors precede the truths; and it is better they should go first than last.

XCII. DE COUCY.

It was Raoul *Chatelain* de Coucy, and not a lord of Coucy, who was the famous lover
and

and poet. The lady was Gabrielle de Levergies; the husband Albert, Lord of Faïel. See the Poems of de Coucy, with the old music, printed at Paris, 1781. The truth of this horrible tale seems certain: the date A. D. 1191. The poetry is very good for that period.

XCIII. FARCES.

About the middle of the last century a hundred crowns was paid in Paris to the author of a successful play. Till the year 1722 farces were not given after plays in France, till the eighth or ninth representation. This leading to the opinion, that a farce was a symptom that the main piece was on the decline, La Mothe desired a farce might be given after the first representation of his *Romulus*. The example became universal.

XCIV. SEMIRAMIS.

The *Semiramis* of Voltaire is a grand tragedy; and the ghost is a bold effort for the French stage. At first it was coldly received; and Voltaire, seeing Piron in the tiring room, asked him what he thought of it. "I think,"

said Piron, “ that you wish it were mine.” —
 “ I love you just enough to wish so,” replied
 Voltaire.

XCv. ARTFUL QUESTION.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see
 Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish
 of partridges. The King, who was fond of his
 acting, said, “ Give that dish to Dominico.”
 —“ And the partridges too, Sire?” Louis,
 penetrating his art, replied, “ And the par-
 tridges too.” The dish was gold.

XCvi. RHIME.

I believe rhyme was not known in Europe
 till about the year 800. We seem to have
 had it from the Saracens, who were then pos-
 sessed of Spain; and of Sicily then or soon
 after.

XCvii. NAIVETE.

The Roman de la Rose has some naïf pas-
 sages. Look at this :

Et encore ne fais je péché,
 Si je nomme les nobles choses,
 Par plein texte sans mettre gloses,
 Que mon Pere de Paradis
 Fit de ses propres mains jadis.

XCVIII. FROISSART.

I wish Froissart's poems were printed. He is the only French poet of that century (the fourteenth). I find Christine de Pise, my acquaintance, had a son a chronicler and poet. He was called Castel.

XCIX. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 15, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I am rather sorry to hear that you are going to be the editor of *another's* work, who are so infinitely better employed when composing yourself. However, as it will be on a branch of virtû that I love, I comfort myself, from your taste and accuracy, that it will be better executed than by any one else.

I will execute your commissions, but you must give me a little time. The gout has lamed my fingers, and I cannot use them much at a time; and I doubt it has made me a little indolent too. Age, you may be sure, has not improved my sight; and Vertue's MSS. are not only a heap of immethodic
F 2 confusion,

confusion, but are written in so very diminutive a hand, that many years ago, when I collected my Anecdotes from them, and had very strong eyes, I was often forced to use a magnifying glass. Should you be impatient, will you come and search those MSS. yourself? next, will you come next Sunday hither, and pass the whole day, if you please, in the examination? I do not recollect *three* medals of my father. One I think was struck by Natter, who was much patronised by my brother Sir Edward, and who also engraved two or three seals of Sir Robert's head. The consular figure on the reverse of the medal I mean, was intended for Cicero, but I believe was copied from a statue belonging to the late Earl of Leicester at Holkham; and which, if I do not mistake at this distance of time, is called Lucius Antonius. I do not know that any medal of my father was struck on any particular occasion. That I mention, and Daffier's, were honorary, as of a considerable person; and his being prime minister might have a little share in the compliment. Of Daffier I know no more than
I have

I have said in the Anecdotes of Painting. I am ignorant who has the medal of the Duchefs of Portsmouth; perhaps you might learn of Mr. * * *, who lives in Somerset-house. He had a great collection of modern medals, but sold them. Perhaps the Duke of Devonshire has the medal in question; you might learn of Dr. Lort, or I can ask him. Are there no modern medals in Dr. Hunter's collection? These are all the answers I am ready to give to your queries at present.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

C. THE DEVIL.

In the time of Louis XIV. several ladies of rank were accused of magical practices. A duchefs among them was examined by a magistrate of celebrated ugliness. She confessed that she had conversed with the devil. "Under what resemblance was he?" said the magistrate gravely. "In his own person—and he resembled you as much as one drop of water does another." Then turning to the

clerk she desired him to write down her answer. The magistrate, apprehensive of the ridicule, took care to stop and suppress the examination.

CI. DIVINE FAVOUR.

In Italy, when they make processions to procure rain, and a tempest and deluge follow, they say that when Dominidio is good he is too good. A Venetian, trying to mount a horse, prayed to our Lady to assist him. He then made a vigorous spring, and fell on t'other side. Getting up and wiping his clothes, he said, "Our Lady has assisted me too much."

CII. OLD FARCE.

The most ancient of the French farces, Peter Patelin, written about 1450, is full of naiveté and laughter.

CIII. FOLLY OF ERUDITION.

A German has written an elaborate dissertation to prove that Cæsar never was in Gaul! Was it he, or his brother, who attempted to prove that Tacitus did not understand Latin?

CIV. CORNARO.

Cornaro on health was once a popular book. The original edition was printed at Venice 1561, 8vo.

CV. RICHLIEU.

The History of the Mother and the Son is certainly written by Cardinal Richlieu, though erroneously assigned to Mezeray. In spite of all Voltaire has written to the contrary, good judges in France still think the Testament Politique of Richlieu genuine.

CVI. BRUTAL AFFECTIONS.

The attachment of some French ladies to their lap-dogs amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. I have heard of a lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg: his mistress thus expressed her *compassion*: "Poor little dear creature! I hope it will not make him sick!"

Another lady kept a malicious ape, which bit one of her women so cruelly in the arm, that her life was in danger. The lady chid

her ape, and told him not to bite so deep in future. The maid lost her arm; and the marchioness dismissed her with a vague promise of a provision. The marquis blaming this inhumanity, the lady answered with great coolness, "What would you have me do with the girl? She has lost an arm."

CVII. NAIVETÉ.

Children sometimes light on odd turns of expression. One hearing that his mother had lost a long law-suit, ran home and said, "Dear mamma, I am so glad you have *lost* that nasty process that used to plague you so."

CVIII. ANCIENT DIARY.

The diary of Philip IV. of France was printed at Florence in 1746. It contains little but his expences on a journey to Flanders in 1301; but is printed from his own hand-writing in tablets of beech-wood, done over with wax.

CIX. CÆSARION.

The Cæsarion of St. Real is worth reading.

CX. DE SERRES.

John de Serres, the historian of France, was the same Serranus who published Plato.

CXI. ANCIENT FRENCH POETRY.

When I mentioned lately that Froissart was the only French poet of the fourteenth century, I was mistaken. Philip de Vitry, Bishop of Meaux, about 1350, wrote the poem on the advantages of a country life: the answer is by Pierre D'Ailly, Bishop of Cambray. Vitry died in 1361, D'Ailly in 1425.

[These poems having great merit, and being very difficult to find, are reprinted in the appendix.]

CXII. MILLS.

Windmills were introduced here after the crusades. Before that time hand-mills were used.

CXIII. VEGETABLE ORIGINS.

Turnips and carrots are thought indigenal roots of France. Our cauliflowers came from Cyprus; our artichokes from Sicily; lettuce from

from Cos, a name corrupted into *gause*. Shalots, or eschallots, from Ascalon.

I have been reading on the subject, and was struck with the numerous ideas on commerce and civilisation, which may arise from a dinner. Will you have a dessert from memory? The cherry and filbert are from Pontus, the citron from Media, the chestnut from Castana in Asia Minor, the peach and the walnut from Persia, the plum from Syria, the pomegranate from Cyprus, the quince from Cydon, the olive and fig from Greece, as are the best apples and pears, though also found wild in France, and even here. The apricot is from Armenia.

CXIV. FRUIT WALLS.

M. D'Andilly, of Port-Royal, in 1652, published, under the name of Le Gendre, *La Maniere de bien cultiver les arbres fruitieres*. In this book he first proposed the use of hot walls, as now practised.

The Elector Palatine, about the middle of the sixteenth century, was the first who constructed green-houses.

CXV. ANOTHER FRENCH ROYAL AUTHOR.

That affassin Charles IX. of France wrote a treatise on hunting, in which he gives directions for curing the mange, and other diseases of dogs. Better to be his dog than his subject!

CXVI. FONTENELLE.

Wit, or even what the French term *esprit*, seems little compatible with feeling. Fontenelle was a great egotist, and thought of nothing but himself. One of his old acquaintances went one day to see him at his country house, and said he had come to eat a bit of dinner. "What shall we have? Do you like 'sparagus?" said Fontenelle. "If you please; but with oil."—"Oil! I prefer them with sauce."—"But sauce disagrees with me," replied the guest. "Well, well, we shall have them with oil." Fontenelle then went out to give his orders; but on his return found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running to the head of the stairs he called out, "Cook! dress the 'sparagus with sauce."

CXVII.

CXVII. CARPETS.

Carpets are mentioned in the twelfth century; but they would not do for our old vast apartments, and straw was necessary for warmth.

CXVIII. BRANTOME.

Brantome is a singular and amusing writer. What a composition the first volume of his *Dames Galantes*!

In his account of the Vidame of Chartres he says, that when that lord passed to London, as one of the hostages for the performance of the treaty between England and France, he rendered himself so agreeable to King Edward (III?), that he took him with him "*jusqu' au fin fonds des sauvages d'Escoffe*" (to the furthest part of the highlands of Scotland). There was held a grand hunt of deer; after which the Scots pressing with clubs the game killed, in order to squeeze out the blood, ate the raw flesh with bread, and thought it delicious.

I wonder this story has escaped Mr. Pen-
nant.

CXIX. SYLPHS.

From Sonnerat's *Voyages* it appears that the *grandouers* of the East Indian mythology are aërial beings of great beauty, corresponding with Pope's sylphs. There is nothing new under the sun.

CXX. KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

We never think, nor say, that knowledge of the world makes a man more virtuous; it renders him more prudent, but generally at the expence of his virtue. Knowledge of the world implies skill in discerning characters, with the arts of intrigue, low cunning, self-interest, and other mean motives that influence what are called men of the world. Men of genius are commonly of a simple character: their thoughts are occupied in objects very remote from the little arts of men of the world.

CXXI. POOR HUMAN NATURE!

In the year 1212, as we learn from an Italian antiquary, a general belief prevailed in Germany that the Mediterranean sea was
to

to be dried up, that believers might pass to Jerusalem on foot. Italy was crowded with thousands of German pilgrims.

CXXII. ROUSSEAU'S ABSURDITIES.

Rousseau's ideas of savage life are puerile. He is equally absurd in supposing that no people can be free, if they entrust their freedom to representatives. What is every body's business is nobody's business. The people would soon be sick of such freedom; they must attend to their own private business, else they could not live. The people of France are easily electrified. We are too solid for such dreams. Amber may draw straws: we do not gravitate so easily.

CXXIII. ILLUMINATIONS.

Heretics were first burned in England in the reign of Henry IV. the usurper, in order to please the bishops, who assisted him in deposing Richard II.

CXXIV. BRITISH CATTLE AND BLOOD-
HOUNDS.

At Earl Ferrers's, Chartley, Staffordshire,
the

the indigenal British cattle are still extant. In form they resemble a deer; and are white, except the ears and tail, which are black; a black list also runs along the back.

In Neidwood forest, in the same county, blood-hounds are still reared; about the size of a mastiff, blackish back, belly reddish brown.

CXXV. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 14, 1789.

I must certainly have expressed myself very awkwardly, dear Sir, if you conceived that I meant the slightest censure on your book; much less on your manner of treating it, which is able, and clear, and demonstrative as possible. No: it was myself, my age, my want of apprehension and memory, and my total ignorance of the subject, which I intended to blame. I never did taste or study the very ancient histories of nations. I never had a good memory for names of persons, regions, places, which no specific circumstances concurred to make me remember: and now at seventy-two, when, as is common, I forget numbers

numbers of names most familiar to me, is it possible I should read with pleasure any work that consists of a vocabulary totally new to me? Many years ago, when my faculties were much less impaired, I was forced to quit Dow's History of Indostan, because the Indian names made so little impression on me, that I went backward instead of forward; and was every minute reverting to the former page, to find about whom I was reading.

Your book was a still more laborious task to me, for it contains such a series of argumentation, that it demanded a double effort from a weak, old head; and when I had made myself master of a deduction, I forgot it the next day, and had my pains to renew.

These defects have for some time been so obvious to me, that I never read now but the most trifling books, having often said that, at the very end of life, it is very useless to be improving one's stock of knowledge, great or small, for the next world.

Thus, Sir, all I have said in my last letter, or in this, is an encomium on your work, not a censure or criticism. It would be hard on
you

you indeed, if my incapacity detracted from your merit.

Your arguments in defence of works of science, and deep disquisition, are most just; and I am sure I have neither power nor disposition to answer them. You have treated your matter as it ought to be treated. Profound men, or conversant in the subject, like Mr. ***, will be pleased with it, for the very reasons that made it difficult to me. If Sir Isaac Newton had written a fairy tale, I should have swallowed it eagerly; but do you imagine, Sir, that, idle as I am, I am idiot enough to think that Sir Isaac had better have amused me, for half an hour, than enlightened mankind, and all ages?

I was so fair as to confess to you, that your work was above me, and did not divert me. You was too candid to take that ill; and must have been content with silently thinking me very silly; and I am too candid to condemn any man for thinking of me as I deserve. I am only sorry when I do deserve a disadvantageous character.

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G

Nay,

Nay, Sir, you condescend, after all, to ask my opinion of the best way of treating antiquities; and by the context I suppose you mean how to make them entertaining. I cannot answer you in one word, because there are two ways, as there are two sorts of readers. I should therefore say; to please antiquaries of judgment, as you have treated them, with arguments and proofs: but if you would adapt antiquities to the taste of those who read only to be diverted, not to be instructed, the nostrum is very easy and short. You must divert them, in the true sense of the word *diverto*; you must turn them out of the way; you must treat them with digressions, nothing, or very little, to the purpose. Yet, easy as I call this recipe, you, I believe, would find it more difficult to execute than the indefatigable industry you have employed to penetrate chaos and extract truth. There have been professors who have engaged to adapt all kinds of knowledge to the meanest capacities. I doubt their success; at least on me. However,

you need not despair; all readers are not so
dull and superannuated as, dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,

and sincere admirer,

HOR. WALPOLE.

CXXVI. ARMOUR.

My suit of armour, that belonged to Francis I. must have been only used in tilting; it is not strong enough for battle. You see that little men may be great men: [smiling, as he was himself short in stature.]

Große I have read (on ancient armour), I see from it that our modern painters know nothing of costume. The chain, or ring, armour was that used in the middle ages. Our artists always clap on plate-armour long before it was invented.

CXXVII. WINES.

Our mountain-wine comes from the mountains around Malaga. *Tent* is *Tinto*, tinged or red wine. Sherry from Xeres (the Spanish X is pronounced *Sh* or *Ch*), in the south

of Spain, where the great battle was fought between the Christians and Saracens, that ended in the conquest of Spain by the latter.

Malmsey was from Malvasia in Peloponnesus. This rich wine was afterwards propagated at Alicant, the Canaries, and Madeira.

CXXVIII. ENGRAVING.

What is called *chalk-engraving* is done in little holes, with a needle—*pecking*, the chief manner of Nanteuil, is a short stroke with the graver, digging up a little bit of the copper, which is rubbed off.

CXXIX. LATTIN.

In our old writers *Lattin* is tin: it is a mere Italian word *latta*.

CXXX. PAINTING.

Mr. Gibbon has given us some curious anecdotes of painting, in the middle ages. He mentions that Constantine VIII. Emperor of Constantinople (A.D. 919), was an artist; and, what is still more extraordinary,

I

that

that a castle in Germany was adorned with historical paintings of a victory.

[See Vol. X. p. 216, 8vo. The castle of Merseburg, about the year 950; and the note, whence it appears that painting was never lost in Italy.]

CXXXI. NAIVETE.

I heard, while in France, a risible instance of naiveté and ignorance. Three young ladies, much of an age, were boarded in a convent, where they contracted a most fond friendship for each other, and made up their little resolutions never to part as long as they lived. But how contrive this, when in a few years their parents would take them out of the nunnery, to marry them to different husbands? After repeated deliberations, it was discovered that the only way of remaining in constant union was, that all the three should wed one and the same husband. Upon further inquiry and discussion this was observed to be contrary to law; and at length the wisest head of the three observed that they might all marry the Great Turk. A letter

was composed in great form, the result of the choicest eloquence of all the three, explaining the tender friendship which united them, and the choice they had made of him for their husband. They added, that as soon as they had received their first communion, they would set out for Constantinople; and begged that all might be prepared for their reception.

Delighted with this expedient, the three friends sent off their letter to the post-office, with this direction, *To Mr. Great Turk, at his Seraglio, Constantinople. By Lyons.* The oddity of the direction was the occasion of the letter being opened, and of the discovery of this great plot.

CXXXII. SIZE OF BOOKS.

I prefer the quarto size to the octavo: a quarto lies free and open before one. It is surprising how long the world was pestered with unwieldy folios. A Frenchman was asked if he liked books *in folio**. "No," says he, "I like books *in fructu*†."

* In the leaf.

† In the fruit.

CXXXIII. THAMES AND ISIS.

We talk of the Thames and the Isis. There is no such river as the Isis, either in our old geography, or in modern tradition, I mean, uneducated tradition. This Isis is a mere invention of pedantry, from the name of the *Ouse*, a stream that runs into the Thames.

CXXXIV. SINGULAR TITLE.

One of the most singular titles I know is the French house *D'O*. This family has produced several great characters, and I believe still exists. In the time of Henry IV. a M. D'O distinguished himself.

CXXXV. QUEEN CHRISTINA.

That drawing is of Christina, Queen of Sweden, in her travelling dress. You know it a good deal resembled that of a man, which made her say, when the court ladies of France crowded to kiss her on her arrival, "I do believe they take me for a gentleman."

What an infamous murder was that committed by her orders in the gallery of Fon-

tainbleau! Had I been Louis XIV, I should have ordered her to be seized, tried, brought to the block—then pardoned, and dismissed from the kingdom.

CXXXVI. VOLTAIRE'S LETTERS.

The letters between the Empress of Russia and Voltaire are the best in the large collection of his correspondence. I prefer those of the Empress to those of Voltaire.

Ecrasez l'infame was a kind of party watch-word among the encyclopedists. It means *ecraser l'infame superstition*; that is, what the Roman Catholics call Christianity, and we senseless mummary. It might have been used by Luther. I see no harm in it. *Corruptio optimi pessima* *.

CXXXVII. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 15, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

You will probably have been surpris'd at not hearing from me so long. Indeed, I

* The corruption of the best things is always the worst.

hope

hope you will have been so, for as it has been occasioned by no voluntary neglect, I had rather you should have reproached me in your own mind, than have been thoughtless of me and indifferent.

The truth is, that between great misfortunes, accidents, and illness, I have passed six melancholy months. I have lost two of my nearest and most beloved relations, Lady Dyfart and Lord Waldegrave. Her illness terminated but in September; his, besides the grievous loss of him, left me in the greatest anxiety for his widow, who thought herself at the end of her pregnancy, but was not delivered till above two months after his death, a fortnight ago.

In the midst of these distresses I had two very bad falls in June and September, by which I bruised myself exceedingly, and the last of which brought on a fit of the gout. In such situations I was very incapable of entertaining any body, or even of being entertained, and saw few but of my own unhappy family; or I should have asked the favour of your company at Strawberry-hill.

I am

I am now pretty well, and came to town but to-day, when I take the first moment of telling you so, that, whenever you come to London, I may have a chance of having the pleasure of seeing you. I am, with sincere regard and esteem, dear Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

CXXXVIII. FISH IN FASHION.

When fashions are worn out at Paris, the milliners send the antiquated articles to the NORTH, that is, to Sweden or Russia. A vessel deeply laden with such merchandise was run down in the channel of St. Peterburgh. Next day a salmon was caught in the Neva, dressed in a white satin petticoat; and in the same net were found two large cod, with muslin handkerchiefs around their necks. The sharks and porpoises were observed in gowns of the latest taste; and hardly was there a fish that did not display some of the freshest Parisian fashions that had ever visited the *North*.

CXXXIX.

CXXXIX. CHURCH PATRONAGE.

Every literary office, or situation, in England is in the hands of the church. The clergy even contrive to get into offices originally designed for laymen. This vast patronage is the real rock against which neither storms nor tempests shall prevail. Our clergy are by far the most learned in Europe; and many of them of the most respectable character. That they would rather make martyrs, than be martyrs, is what must be expected from human nature.

CXL. PUBLIC VIRTUE.

The history of public virtue in this country is to be found in *pratefs*.

CXLI. REVENGE.

B. the painter, has attempted to ridicule my taste in his book. I will tell you why. He, some years ago, exhibited at the Academy a Venus, with hair about as long as from here to Windsor. I went to see the pictures before the exhibition was opened;
and

and by some previous information B. was in the room, following my steps, and eager, as I afterwards learned, to hear my expressions of admiration at his wonderful performance. Unluckily, when I came up to this miracle of genius, I cried out, "Good God! what have we got here!" then burst out into a loud laugh, and passed on to the next. This, you know, was unpardonable. But Mr. B. should have told me that he was the man, and then I should have said nothing, and have endeavoured to look as sad as he could wish.

CXLII. LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

The poor Queen of Denmark was certainly very imprudent. I learn that she would even appear in full court in breeches; and those northern countries are rigid in the *bienfiance*.

CXLIII. LOUNGING BOOKS.

I sometimes wish for a catalogue of lounging books—books that one takes up in the gout, low spirits, ennui, or when one is waiting for company. Some novels, gay poetry,
odd

odd whimsical authors, as Rabelais, &c. &c.
 A *catalogue raisonnée* of such might be itself
 a good lounging book. I cannot read mere
 catalogues of books; they give me no ideas.

CXLIV. COURT PROMISES.

I have sent the Strawberry-hill books to
 the Prince of Denmark, as I was requested,
 except the Anecdotes of Painting; which I
 was forced to buy at a high price, to present
 to the King of Poland. I have no answer
 from Denmark, which I much wonder at.

CXLV. LOW CUNNING.

It is a special trick of low cunning to
 squeeze out knowledge from a modest man,
 who is eminent in any science; and then to
 use it as legally acquired, and pass the source
 in total silence.

CXLVI. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Berkeley-square, May 15, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

My house is so full of pictures, that I could
 not place a new one without displacing some
 other;

other; nor is that my chief objection; I am really much too old now to be hunting for what I may have few moments to possess; and as the possessor of the picture you mention values it highly, I am not tempted to visit what would probably be very dear. The lady represented does not strike my memory as a person about whom I have any knowledge, or curiosity; and I own I have been so often drawn to go after pictures that were merely ancient, that *now*, when I am so old, and very infirm, and go out very little, you will excuse me if I do not wait on you, though much obliged to you for your proposal. I cannot go up and down stairs without being led by a servant. It is *tempus abire* for me: *lusi satis*.

Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

CXLVII. CHOISEUL.

The Duke de Choiseul was dismissed from the ministry by the intrigues of Madame Barry, who accused him of an improper correspondence with Spain.

CXLVIII.

CXLVIII. SYMBOLIC FESTIVAL.

An old Dutch merchant retiring from business, with an opulent fortune, invited his city friends to dinner. They were shewn into a splendid room, and expected a corresponding banquet, when a couple of old seamen brought in the first course, consisting of herrings, fresh, pickled, and dried, served up on wooden plates, put on a blue canvas cloth. The guests stared, and did little honour to the repast; when a second course came in of salt beef and greens. This being taken away, a splendid festival appeared, brought in by powdered lacquies, served on damask table-cloths, and a sideboard of generous wines. The old merchant then said, "Such, gentlemen, has been the progress of our republic. We began with strict frugality, which begot wealth; and we end with luxury and profusion, which will beget poverty. It is better to be contented with the beef, that we may not be forced to return to our herrings." The guests swallowed the maxim with the banquet; but it is not said that they profited by it.

CXLIX. MODERN MANNERS.

Mr. Creech has sent me his account of the changes that have taken place in Edinburgh within these twenty years. It is an amusing and instructive picture of the progress of society.

CL. MURDER OF MOUNTFORT.

Mr. Shorter, my mother's father, was walking down Norfolk-street in the Strand, to his house there, just before poor Mountfort the player was killed in that street, by assassins hired by Lord Mohun. This nobleman, lying in wait for his prey, came up and embraced Mr. Shorter by mistake, saying, "Dear Mountfort!" It was fortunate that he was instantly undeceived, for Mr. Shorter had hardly reached his house before the murder took place.

CLI. HISTORY.

There are three kinds of history all good : the original writers ; full and ample memoirs, compiled from them, and from manuscripts,
with

with great exactness; and histories elegantly written and arranged. The second step is indispensably necessary for the third; and I am more pleased with it than with the third. It has more of truth, which is the essence of history.

CLII. DAUGHTERS OF ORLEANS.

The Duke of Orleans, regent of France, was too familiar with both his daughters, afterwards duchesses of Modena and Berry. In consenting to the marriage of the latter, he is said to have bargained for a day or two of her company every week. When I was in Italy, in my youth, I went to a ball at Reggio, and was placed next the Duchess of Modena. This circumstance, and my being known as the son of the English minister, engaged me to say something polite, as I thought, to the Duchess. I asked her the reason why she did not dance. She answered, that her mother always said she danced ill, and would not allow her to join in that diversion. "I suppose," replied I in complete innocence, "that your mother was

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jealots of you." Her face was all scarlet in an instant, and she seemed ready to sink into the ground. I very hastily withdrew, and took my politeness along with me.

CLIII. NEW MODE OF DROWNING.

Talking of an acquaintance, who was going to Ireland in very rainy weather, Mr. Walpole observed, that he ran a risk of being drowned *from above*.

CLIV. WHEELER INSECT.

The wheeler insect is a curious microscopical object. Take a little dust of rotten timber, and a drop of water; by and by the insect appears, two horns arise on its head, and then a wheel, the velocity of which is surprising. It sails among the dust, as if amidst islands. The wheel seems intended by suction to draw in numbers of smaller insects, its food.

CLV. TYGRE NATIONAL.

After the French revolution Lord Orford was particularly delighted with the story of
the

the Tygre National. A man who shewed wild beasts at Paris had a tyger from Bengal, of the largest species, commonly called The Royal Tyger. But when royalty, and every thing royal, was abolished, he was afraid of a charge of incivism; and, instead of *Tygre Royal*, put on his sign-board *Tygre National*.

The symbol was excellent as depicting those atrocities which have disgraced the cause of freedom, as much as the massacre of St. Bartholomew did that of religion. Mob of Paris, what a debt thou owest to humanity!

CLVI. MADAME ELIZABETH.

Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI. is almost a saint. On the 20th June, 1792, when the mob burst into the palace, she ran into the King's apartment; and when they called for the Queen, by the name of the Austrian strumpet, and were about to seize Elizabeth by mistake, an attendant exclaiming, "This is not the Queen," she turned round, and said, "For the love of God do not undeceive them."

The same lady, when it was said that the royal family should be recommended to a *Dieu Vengeur*, answered, “No; but to a *Dieu Protecteur*.”

CLVII. AN EQUAL MARRIAGE.

The marriage of a lady of my acquaintance was settled by two noble lords; one for her, one for her husband. When the fortune, jointure, &c. was adjusted, one peer ingenuously said, “It ought to be mentioned that there is a little spice of madness upon our side.”—“There is also some on ours,” answered the other.” Both families had produced instances of insanity.

CLVIII. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Berkeley-square, April 11, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE carefully gone through your MSS. with great delight: and, with the few trifling corrections that I have found occasion to make, I shall be ready to restore them to you whenever it shall be convenient to you to call

call for them; for I own I find them too valuable to be trusted to any other hand.

As I hope I am now able to begin to take the air, I beg you not to call between eleven and two, when you would not be likely to find me at home.

Your much obliged, humble servant,

ORFORD.

CLIX. EXTRACTS FROM AN UNCOMMON
BOOK.

I return you your book with thanks. I did not before know of its existence. The Princess of Conti, by whom it was written, must, I suppose, be Louisa of Lorrain, daughter of Henri le Balafre, Duke of Guise, married to the Prince of Conti in 1605. She died in 1631. Some few interesting passages I have marked.

[The passages that interested Mr. Walpole may also please the reader, and translations of them follow. The title of the scarce little book alluded to, is, *Histoire des Amours de Henry IV. avec diverses Lettres écrites a ses*

H 3

Maistresses,

Maistresses, et autres Picces curieuses. Leyde, 1663, 12mo. Du Fresnoy, *De l'Usage des Romans*, ascribes it to Louisa of Lorraine, Princess of Conti. If so, she praises herself, p. 30, as “beautiful, and one of the most amiable young ladies of that time.” She was left a widow in 1614; and may have written thus of her youthful years.

Speaking of Henry's amour with Made-moiselle d'Estree, the fair Gabrielle, the princess mentions that the lady preferred the Duke of Bellegarde, who would have married her; and could not at first endure the king. To avoid him she withdrew from Mantes, and retired to the house of her father.

“The king, whom his foes had never daunted, was so astonished at the anger of his mistress, that he did not know what course to follow. He thought that in waiting on her next day, he might at least mitigate her resentment; but company would not have been proper on such a journey; and if performed alone, it was highly dangerous, as the war raged through the province, and two
garrisons

garrisons of enemies lay on each side of the road, which was through a forest. His passion surmounted all these difficulties: the distance being seven leagues, he performed the first four on horseback, accompanied by five of his most confidential servants. He then disguised himself as a peasant, carrying a sack of straw, and walked three leagues to her residence.

“ He had found means to send her previous notice of his coming, and he found her in a gallery with her sister, who was married to the Marquis de Villars. But she was so much surprised at seeing this great monarch in such an equipage, and so dissatisfied with his disguise, which seemed to her ridiculous, that she received him very ill, and rather according to his present dress than his real character. She would not stay but a moment, and even this was only to tell him that his dress was so nauseous that she could not bear to look at him. Her sister, more civil, made excuses for her coldness; and wanted to persuade him that fear of her father had alone forced Gabrielle to this abruptness.”

* * * * *

“ Gabrielle continued to love Bellegarde, and the king had some suspicions of it; but the smallest caresses made him condemn his thoughts as criminal. A little accident had nearly taught him more. Being at one of his houses, on account of some warlike enterprise in that quarter, which engaged him to travel three or four leagues one morning, Gabrielle remained in bed, saying she was ill, while Bellegarde had pretended to go to Mantes, which was not far distant. As soon as the king was gone, Arphure, the most confidential of Gabrielle's women, introduced Bellegarde to a small cabinet, of which she alone had a key; and after her mistress had dismissed every creature from her chamber, the lover was received. Presently the king, disappointed in some research, returned much sooner than he was expected, and was very near finding what he did not seek. All that could be done was to hurry Bellegarde into Arphure's cabinet, which opened at the side of Gabrielle's bed, and which had a window looking into the garden.

As

“As soon as the king came in, he called for Arphure to bring him some comfits, which were kept in that very cabinet. Gabrielle said she was not at home, having asked leave to go and see some relations. “That may be,” said Henry, “but I am not to want my comfits on that account. If Arphure be gone, the lock may be picked, or the door burst open.” With this he began to kick at the door, to the infinite alarm of the lovers. Gabrielle complained of a violent head-ache, and said the noise killed her; but the king was deaf to her complaints, and continued his attempts to burst open the door.

“Bellegarde, seeing there was no other remedy, threw himself from the window, and was fortunate enough to escape with little hurt, though it was at a great distance from the ground. Instantly after Arphure, who had only hid herself to avoid opening the door, entered, all in a heat, excusing herself that she did not know she would be wanted.”

The death of the fair Gabrielle, created by her royal lover Duchess of Beaufort, and
destined

destined for his wife, is thus related by the Princess of Conti.

“ She came to Paris to perform the devout exercises of Easter in public, in order to evince herself a sound Catholic to the people, who did not believe her earnest in that faith. For this purpose she lodged in the cloister of St. Germain l’Auxerrois, and went to a church to hear vespers, which were there performed with grand music. She was carried in a litter, while all the princesses were in coaches; and a captain of the guards rode by the side of the litter. A chapel had been reserved for her, that she might not be too much exposed to the pressure or eyes of the crowd. Mademoiselle de Guise* was with her; and during the whole service the Duchess of Beaufort did nothing but shew her letters from Rome, which assured her that what she desired would be soon accomplished†. She also shewed two letters, which

* Afterwards Princess of Conti, the authoress. The book abounds with passages concerning herself.

† Henry’s divorce from Margaret de Valois, and marriage with her.

she had that very day received from the king, so affectionate, and so full of impatience to see her his queen, that he told her he would dispatch Du Fresne, one of his secretaries of state, and wholly devoted to her, as having married one of her relations, to press his Holiness to permit him to perform what he was, in all events, determined to do.

“ In such prayers passed all the time of devotion. When service was finished, she told Mademoiselle de Guise that she was going to bed, and begged her to come and chat with her. Thereupon she mounted her litter, and Mademoiselle de Guise her coach, which stopped at the duchess's lodgings. She was undressing, and complaining of a violent head-ache; and was soon seized with convulsions, from which she was delivered by the force of medicine. She wanted to write to the king, but the convulsions returned; and a letter arriving from him she tried to read it, but was prevented by her disorder, which continued augmenting till her death.”

The love-letters of Henry IV. are doubtless genuine: they were found in the casket
of

of Mademoiselle Desloges after her death. They are numerous, but only two short ones shall be translated as a specimen.

“ *The Duchess of BEAUFORT to HENRY IV.*

“ I AM dying with fear: console me by letting me know how the bravest of men is: I fear he is very ill, for nothing else could deprive me of his presence. Write to me, my knight, for you know that the smallest of your mischances is death to me. Though I have twice heard tidings of you to-day, I cannot sleep without sending you a thousand good nights; for I am not endued with an unfeeling constancy: I am a feeling and constant princess for all that concerns you, and insensible to every thing else in the world, good or ill.”

*Answer of the KING to the Duchess of
BEAUFORT.*

“ My heart, I this morning, on my waking, had tidings of you, which will render this a happy day. I have heard nothing from
another

another quarter since I left you. I will not fail twice a day to remember the good graces of my dear love, for the love of whom I take more care of myself than I was accustomed to do. To-morrow you will see Cæsar (their son), a pleasure which I envy you. Love always your dear subject, who will be yours till death. With this truth I end, kissing you, as tenderly as yesterday morning, a million of times. Perone, 26 May."

At the end are some anecdotes of Henry IV.

"He was of so generous a nature, that he ordered Vitry, captain of his body^l guards, to receive into his company the man who wounded him at the battle of Aumale. The Marischal d'Estrées being one day in the king's coach, while the soldier was riding by the side of it, he pointed to him, and said, "There is the soldier who wounded me at the battle of Aumale."

* * * * *

"The Duke of Savoy visiting his court, he was advised to detain him, till he had restored the marquisate of Saluces, which the
duke

duke had perfidiously seized. But he answered, "The duke, indeed, violated his word, but his example shall never induce me to an act of perfidy. On the contrary, his perfidy shall render my good faith the more conspicuous."

* * * * *

"Some troops, which he sent to Germany, having committed disorders in Champagne, and pillaged some houses of the peasants, he said to some of their officers still in Paris, "Depart with all diligence, and set things to rights, else you shall answer to me. What! if my people be ruined, who is to nourish me, who is to pay the expences of the state; who, pray, gentlemen, is to pay you your arrears? To injure my people is to injure myself."

"A nobleman, who had long hesitated in the time of the league which party to adopt, coming in as Henry was playing at Primero, he called out, "Come along, my lord. If we win you will be on our side."]

CLX. MEAGRE STYLE.

The imitation of Tacitus, or even of Montefquieu, the attempt, in short, to express every thing in as few words as possible, may lead a young writer to a great fault, namely, the meagre and bald style, which is not, indeed, so bad as the feeble and prolix, but is nevertheless an unpleasing mode of composition. To borrow a metaphor from painting, such a style may have a correct outline, but it wants that variety and just harmony of colouring, which delight in a composition truly valuable. Some words may be superfluous, may be introduced merely to please the ear; as in painting some tints are of no use except to set off others.

CLXI. CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

Lady Craven has just brought me from Italy a most acceptable present, a drawing of the castle of Otranto. Here it is. It is odd that that back-window corresponds with the description in my romance. When I wrote it, I did not even know that there was a castle
at

at Otranto. I wanted a name of some place in the south of Italy, and Otranto struck me in the map.

CLXII. VERBAL CRITICS.

The corrections, or rather depravations, of the classics by the rash Lipsii, Scaligeri, &c. &c. cannot be too severely reprobated. We now highly value the first editions, because they are less polluted by wanton conjectures. I hope there are but few of them in the Strawberry-hill Lucan.

I was told an odd instance of such corrections the other day. Cæsar, as published by Scaliger, says the druids of Gaul used Greek characters: the same great writer in another place says he wrote to one of his officers in Greek characters, that, if his letter fell into the enemy's hands, they might not be able to avail themselves of the intelligence. All this arises from one correction of Scaliger, who for *litteris crassis*, used by the druids in the first editions, put *litteris Græcis*.

CLXIII. MR. THYNNE.

Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat hall,
 Who never would have miscarried,
 Had he married the woman he lay withall,
 Or lain with the woman he married.

Two anecdotes are attached to these lines.

Miss Trevor, one of the maids of honour to Catherine of Portugal, wife of Charles II having discovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the duke excited Mr. Thynne to seduce Miss Trevor. She was the woman he lay withall.

The woman he married was a great heiress, to whom he was affianced, when he was killed by Count Koningberg in Pall-mall.

CLXIV. BOSSUET.

The eloquence of Bossuet's Discourse on Universal History, so highly vaunted in France, I never could taste. The work, by the bye, is so wholly occupied with Jewish and ecclesiastical affairs, that it should have been entitled, A Discourse on Ecclesiastic History. It is not, indeed, like Montaigne's

chapter on boots, in which there is not a word about boots, but secular matters are so briefly handled, that the title is completely erroneous.

At the same time I confess that Bossuet's conduct to the meek and inoffensive Fenelon was so infamous, that I do not wish to be pleased with his writings.

CLXV. MASSILLON.

I am more struck with the eloquence of Massillon than of Bossuet, or Bourdaloue. Read this specimen from a sermon which Massillon preached before Louis XV. in his youth. What a satire on the ambition of Louis XIV.!

“ Sire, if the poison of ambition reach and infect the heart of the prince; if the sovereign, forgetting that he is the protector of the public tranquillity, prefer his own glory to the love and to the safety of his people; if he would rather subdue provinces, than reign in their hearts; if it appear to him more glorious to be the destroyer of his neighbours, than the father of his people;

I

if

if the voice of grief and desolation be the only sound that attends his victories; if he use that power which is only given him for the happiness of those he governs, to promote his own passions and interest; in a word, if he be a king solely to spread misery, and, like the monarch of Babylon, erect the idol of his greatness on the wreck of nations; great God! what a scourge for the earth! what a present dost thou send to men, in thy wrath, by giving them such a master! His glory, Sire, will ever be steeped in blood. Some insane panegyrists may chaunt his victories, but the provinces, the towns, the villages, will weep. Superb monuments may be erected to eternise his conquests: but the ashes yet smoking of so many cities formerly flourishing; but the desolation of countries despoiled of their beauty; but the ruins of so many edifices, under which peaceable citizens have perished; but the lasting calamities that will survive him; will be mournful monuments that will immortalise his folly and his vanity: he will have passed like a torrent that destroys, not like a majestic river,

spreading joy and abundance : his name will be inscribed in the annals of posterity among conquerors, but never among good kings : the history of his reign will be recollected, only to revive the memory of the evil he has done to mankind."

CLXVI. OPPOSITIONS.

Our opposition-parties seldom form a regular battalion. Even the leaders have often detached views. To form a firm array, even the common soldiers should be valued by the chiefs, and have their encouragements and rewards. The scaffolding is neglected after the house is built; but the necks of the builders may be hazarded by neglecting it before.

CLXVII. BOOKSELLERS.

The manœuvres of bookfelling are now equal in number to the stratagems of war. Publishers open and shut the sluices of reputation as their various interests lead them; and it is become more and more difficult to judge of the merit or fame of recent publications.

CLXVIII.

CLXVIII. POLITICS.

In England political faction taints every thing; it even extends to literature, and the arts. We do not inquire if the production have merit, but whether the author be whig or tory. Height of absurdity! If a work interest me I care not for the author's politics, any more than I care about the colour of his clothes.

We have also a kind of court fashion, even in literature: and this was never carried to such a height as now. The most poisonous flanders are propagated, the most crooked arts employed, to injure the credit of those who follow the obnoxious tenets of our Miltons, Lockes, and Addisons!

CLXIX. PALATINATE.

Louis XIV. after the death of Colbert, could not endure that his ministers should be men of talents. He wished to have all the fame of his government.

The affair of the destruction of the Palatinate originated with Louvois. When the

king received the first intelligence, that his orders had been executed, he was with Madame Maintenon. He sent for Louvois, and was so enraged at his presumption in sending orders so ruinous to his royal character, that he seized the poker, and was only prevented by Madame Maintenon from proceeding to the utmost violence.

CLXX. SINGULAR CHARACTER.

That curious whole-length of Frances, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, came from Easton-Neston, the seat of the Earl of Pomfret. We shall sit down here before her, and read the equally curious portrait of her by Wilson, in his reign of James I. One feature he does not mention—that her eyes, as you see, bear some resemblance to those of a cat.

“ That morning the parliament was to begin [12 Feb. 1623], the king missed the Duke of Richmond’s attendance, who being a constant observer of him at all times, the king, as it were, wanted one of his limbs, to support the grandeur of majesty at the first
solemn

solemn meeting of a parliament; and calling for him with earnestness, a messenger was dispatched to his lodgings in haste, when the king's commands, and the messenger's importunity, made the duchess his wife, somewhat unwillingly, go to the duke's bed-side to awake him; who drawing the curtains found him dead in his bed. The suddenness of the affright struck her with so much consternation, that she was scarce sensible of the horror of it: and it was carried with that violence to the king, that he would not adorn himself that day to ride in his glories to the parliament, but put it off to the nineteenth of February following; dedicating some part of that time to the memory of his dead servant, who might serve as a forerunner to the king, and an emblem to all his people, that in the dark caverns of man's body death often lurks, which no human prudence or providence is able to discover: for the duchess, to some of her intimates, confessed afterwards, that she found the effects of his full veins that night, that he was found dead the next morning.

“ This lady was one of the greatest, both

for birth and beauty, in her time : but at first she went a step backwards, as it were, to fetch a career, to make her mount the higher. She was daughter to Thomas, Viscount Bindon, second son to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk ; and her mother was eldest daughter to Edward, Duke of Buckingham ; both which dukes, striving to become kings, lost their heads. Her extraction was high, fit for her great mind ; yet she descended so low as to marry one Prannel, a vintner's son in London, having a good estate ; who dying left her childless, a young and beautiful widow. Upon whom Sir George Rodney, a gentleman in the west (suitable to her for person and fortune), fixing his love, had good hopes from her to reap the fruits of it. But Edward, Earl of Hertford, being entangled with her fair eyes, and she having a *tang* of her grandfather's ambition, left Rodney, and married the Earl.

“ Rodney having drunk in too much affection, and not being able with his reason to digest it, summoned up his scattered spirits to a most desperate attempt : and coming to
Amesbury

Amesbury in Wiltshire (where the earl and his lady were then resident), to act it, he retired to an inn in the town, shut himself up in a chamber, and wrote a large paper, of well-composed verses, to the countess, in his own blood (strange kind of composedness), wherein he bewails and laments his own unhappiness. And when he had sent them to her, as a sad catastrophe to all his miseries, he ran himself upon his sword, and so ended that life which he thought death to enjoy, leaving the countess to a strict remembrance of her inconstancy, and himself a desperate and sad spectacle of frailty. But she easily past this over; and so wrought upon the good-nature of the earl her husband, that he settled above five thousand pounds a year jointure upon her for life.

“ In his time she was often courted by the Duke of Lennox, who presented many a fair offering to her, as an humble suppliant, sometimes in a blue coat with a basket-hilt sword, making his addresses in such odd disguises: yet she carried a fair fame during the earl's time. After his decease, Lennox and Richmond,

mond, with the great title of duchess, gave period to her honour, which could not arrive at her mind, she having the most glorious and transcendent heights in speculation: for finding the king a widower, she vowed, after so great a prince as Richmond, “never to be blown with the kisses, nor eat at the table, of a subject:” and this vow must be spread abroad, that the king may take notice of the bravery of her spirit. But this bait would not catch the old king, so that she missed her aim: and, to make good her resolution, she speciously observed her vow to the last

“When she was Countess of Hertford, and found admirers about her, she would often discourse of her two grandfathers, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham; recounting the time since one of her grandfathers did this, the other did that. But if the earl her husband came in presence, she would quickly desist; for when he found her in those exaltations, to take her down, he would say, “Frank, Frank, how long is it since thou wert married to Prannel?” which would damp the wings of her spirit, and
make

make her look after her feet as well as gaudy plumes.

“ One little vanity of this great duchess (with your patience) may yet crowd in this little story. She was a woman greedy of fame, and loved to keep great state with little cost. For being much visited by all the great ones, she had her formality of officers and gentlemen, that gave attendance, and the advantage that none ever ate with her. Yet all the tables in the hall were spread, as if there had been meat and men to furnish them; but before eating-time (the house being voided), the linnen returned into their folds again, and all her people grazed on some few dishes. Yet, whether her actions came into fame’s fingering, her gifts were suitable to the greatness of her mind. For the Queen of Bohemia (to the christening of whose child she was a witness) had some taste of them. And being blown up by admiration for this bounty, either by her own design to magnify her merit, or by others in mockery to magnify her vanity, huge inventories of massy plate went up and down, from hand to hand, that she had

had given that queen; and most believed it. Yet they were but paper presents; those inventories had a *non est inventus* at the Hague: they saw the shell, the inventory; but never found the kernel, the plate. Such difference there is between solid worth, and airy paper greatness. And it is hoped these slight intermixtures will be no great transgression, because long serious things do dull the fancy.”

CLXXI. DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Orleans, the regent, was a man of profligate character, and most unprincipled ambition. He had, before the death of Louis XIV. entered so far into a plot, I believe to place the Spanish crown on his own head, that his life was endangered, and was only saved by his duchess, daughter of the king, who exerted all her influence with her father, and with Madame de Maintenon, to procure his pardon.

CLXXII. PROVINCIAL PROVERB.

Henry, the second Prince of Condé of that name, and father of the great Condé, wishing

ing privately to mortgage his estate of Muret, went incognito to an adjacent village, where lived one Arnoul, a notary. The notary was at dinner, and his wife waited without in the hall till he had dined. The prince inquired for Arnoul. The woman answered in her patois, "Arnoul is at dinner; sit you down on the bench there: when Arnoul is at dinner, not a soul can speak with him i'faith." The prince patiently sat down, waiting the event of Arnoul's dinner. When it was ended, he was introduced; the notary drew out the writing, leaving the names blank; and having read it aloud, asked the prince, whom he did not know either in person or as proprietor of the estate, his name and designation. "They are short," answered the client. "Put Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Condé, first prince of the blood, lord of Muret." Guess the poor notary's amazement. Throwing himself on his knees, he begged pardon for his ignorance. The prince raised him, saying, "Fear nothing, my worthy friend. Arnoul was at dinner, you know." The story spread, and became a provincial proverb;

proverb; when one did not choose to be disturbed by an intrusion, “ Arnoul is at dinner.”

CLXXIII. TWO PERSONS IN ONE.

I know not how three persons may be one, but I know that one person may be two. Some there are who are quite different persons with their superiors, and with their equals and inferiors—with the former just and generous; with the latter insolent, and full of extortion and imposition.

CLXXIV. WEATHER.

To talk of the weather was once a matter of ridicule. But that soon went out; for the weather is, in fact, so important in this changeable climate, that our health and bread depend on it. There are also numerous classes in this island, farmers, seamen, &c. &c. whose very existence depends on the weather. It is idle to deny that the state of our spirits depends on the weather: the stoutest man cannot take exercise on a rainy day, and must feel *ennui*, because he cannot divide his time

as usual. For my part, I care as little for the weather as any; and I sometimes say, that all I want is cold winters, and hot summers.

CLXXV. DEMOCRATS.

A fig for our democrats! [1792]. Barking dogs never bite. The danger in France arose from silent and instantaneous action. They said nothing, and did every thing—ours say every thing, and will do nothing.

CLXXVI. REAL VALUE OF MEN.

A bishop of Soissons, in the twelfth century, gave for a fine horse, destined for his public entrance into the city, five villani, or slaves attached to his lands, three men, and two women. Thus a horse is a more valuable animal than a man. And so now. How many black slaves would be the price of a capital race-horse, if races were fashionable in the West-Indies?

CLXXVII. BEARDS.

Francis I. of France, amusing himself with his courtiers one winter day, was struck on
the

the chin with a piece of a tile, which chanced to be taken up in a snow-ball. As the wounded part could not be shaved, he let his beard grow; and the fashion was revived, after it had been dropped for a century.

It is said, I know not with what truth, that the same prince, having lost his hair and an eye by the venereal disease, introduced the wig and the hat. The latter had before been used in riding, to cover the face from the sun: but the bonnet continued to be the ceremonial covering.

CLXXVIII. TALE.

I have been amusing myself with a history of Picardy, and shall read you off a short tale that struck me.

Thomas de Saint Valery was travelling with his wife, Adela, daughter of a Count de Ponthieu. They were attacked near a forest by eight armed men. St. Valery, after a severe struggle, was seized, bound, and thrown into a thicket. His wife was carried off, exposed to the brutality of the banditti, and afterwards dismissed in a state of nudity.

nudity. She, however, sought for and found her husband, and they returned together.

They were soon after met by their servants, whom they had left at an inn, and returned to their father's castle at Abbeville. The barbarous count, full of false ideas of honour, proposed, some days after, to his daughter, a ride to his town of Rue on the sea shore. There they entered a bark, as if to sail about for pleasure; and they had stood out three leagues from the shore, when the Count de Ponthieu starting up, said with a terrible voice, "Lady, death must now efface the shame which your misfortune has brought on all your family."

The sailors, previously instructed, instantly seized her, shut her up in a hoghead, and threw her into the sea, while the bark regained the coast.

Happily a Flemish vessel passing near the coast, the crew observed the floating hoghead, and expecting a prize of good wine, took it up, opened it, and with great surprise found a beautiful woman. She was, however, almost dead, from terror and want of air; and at her

earnest entreaty the honest Flemings sent a boat ashore with her. She gained her husband's house, who was in tears for her supposed death: The scene was extremely affecting—but Adela only survived it a few hours.

John, Count of Ponthieu, repenting of his crime, gave to the monks of St. Valery the right of fishing three days in the year, in and about the spot where his daughter had been thrown overboard.

CLXXIX. AMERICANS.

The Americans are mostly engaged in trade and plantations. Their chief object is to make money. And, in truth, money is freedom.

CLXXX. THE NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Sir T. Robinson was a tall, uncouth man, and his stature was often rendered still more remarkable by his hunting dress, a postilion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims; and once set off on a sudden, in his hunting suit,

suit, to visit his sister, who was married and settled at Paris.

He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced *M. Robinson*, and he came in, to the great amazement of the guests. Among others, a French abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down, with an eager stare of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, he burst out with, "Excuse me, Sir. Are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history?"

CLXXXI. LE VAYER.

La Mothe le Vayer was called the French Plutarch. His essays are very unlike those of Montaigne. They are regular, and abound with an uncommon mixture of learning and good sense.

CLXXXII. REAL APPARITION.

The castle of Ardivillers, near Breteuil, was reported to be haunted by evil spirits. Dreadful noises were heard, and flames were seen by night to issue from various apertures.

The farmer who was entrusted with the care of the house, in the absence of its owner the President d'Ardivillers, could alone live there. The spirit seemed to respect him; but any person who ventured to take up a night's lodging in the castle, was sure to bear the marks of his audacity.

Superstition, you know, is catching. By and by the peasants in the neighbourhood began to see strange sights. Sometimes a dozen of ghosts would appear in the air above the castle, dancing a brawl. At other times a number of presidents, and counsellors in red robes, appeared in the adjacent meadow. There they sat in judgment on a gentleman of the country, who had been beheaded for some crime a hundred years before. Another peasant met in the night a gentleman related to the president, walking with the wife of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who were seen to caress each other, and then vanished. As they were both alive, perhaps they were obliged to the devil for preventing scandal. In short, many had seen, and all had heard, the wonders of the castle of Ardivillers.

This affair had continued four or five years, to the great loss of the president, who had been obliged to let the estate to the farmer at a very low rent. At length, suspecting some artifice, he resolved to visit and inspect the castle

Taking with him two gentlemen, his friends, they determined to pass the night in the same apartment; and if any noise or apparition disturbed them, to discharge their pistols at either ghost or found. As spirits know all things, they were probably aware of these preparations, and not one appeared. But in the chamber just above a dreadful rattling of chains was heard; and the wife and children of the farmer ran to assist their lord. They threw themselves on their knees, begging that he would not visit that terrible room. "My lord," said they, "what can human force effect against people of t'other world? M. de Fecancour attempted the same enterprise, years ago, and he returned with a dislocated arm. M. D'Urfelles tried too; he was overwhelmed with bundles of hay, and was ill for a long time after." In short,

so many attempts were mentioned, that the president's friends advised him to abandon the design.

But they determined to encounter the danger themselves. Proceeding up stairs to an extensive room, each having a candle in one hand, and a pistol in the other, they found it full of thick smoke, which increased more and more from some flames that were visible. Soon after the ghost, or spirit, faintly appeared in the middle: he seemed quite black, and was amusing himself with cutting capers: but another eruption of flame and smoke hid him from their view. He had horns and a long tail; and was, in truth, a dreadful object.

One of the gentlemen found his courage rather fail. "This is certainly supernatural," said he; "let us retire." The other, endued with more boldness, asserted that the smoke was that of gunpowder, which is no supernatural composition; "and if this same spirit," added he, "knew his own nature and trade, he should have extinguished our candles."

With these words he jumps amidst the
smoke

smoke and flames, and pursues the spectre. He soon discharged his pistol at his back, and hit him exactly in the middle, but was himself seized with fear, when the spirit, far from falling, turned round and rushed upon him. Soon recovering himself, he resolved to grasp the ghost, to discover if it were indeed aerial and impassible. Mr. Spectre, disordered by this new manœuvre, rushed to a tower, and descended a small staircase.

The gentleman ran after; and, never losing sight of him, passed several courts and gardens, still turning as the spirit winded, till at length they entered an open barn. Here the pursuer, certain, as he thought, of his prey, shut the door; but when he turned round, what was his amazement to see the spectre totally disappear!

In great confusion he called to the servants for more lights. On examining the spot of the spirit's disappearance, he found a trap-door, upon raising which several mattresses appeared, to break the fall of any headlong adventurer. Descending he found the spirit himself—the farmer himself.

His dress, of a complete bull's hide, had secured him from pistol shot; and the horns and tail were not diabolic, but mere natural appendages of the original. The rogue confessed all his tricks; and was pardoned, on paying the arrears due for five years, at the old rent of the land.

CLXXXIII. KING AND REPUBLIC.

I have sometimes thought that a 'squire and a vestry were a king and republic in miniature. The vestry is as tyrannic, in its way, as the 'squire in his. Any power necessarily leads to abuses of that power. It is difficult to stop any *impetus* of nature.

CLXXXIV. LEARNING ENCOURAGED.

I was told a droll story concerning Mr. Gibbon, t'other day. One of those book-sellers in Paternoster-row, who publish things in numbers, went to Gibbon's lodgings in St. James's-street, sent up his name, and was admitted. "Sir," said he, "I am now publishing a history of England, done by several good hands. I understand you have a knack
at

at them these things, and should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement."

As soon as Gibbon recovered the use of his legs and tongue, which were petrified with surprise, he ran to the bell, and desired his servant to shew this encourager of learning down stairs.

CLXXXV. A DAY OF HENRY IV.

Equally with painted portraits of memorable persons, I admire written portraits, in which the character is traced with those minute touches, which constitute life itself. Of this sort is the domestic portrait of Henry IV. of France, delineated in a page or two of the original memoirs of Sully.

[The most striking passages follow; but it is impossible for a translation to represent the old emphatic simplicity of the original.]

" You must know that one day his majesty being healthy, light-hearted, active, and in good humour, on account of diverse fortunate incidents in his domestic affairs, and of agreeable news received from foreign nations, and from the provinces of his kingdom ;
and

and perceiving the morning fine, and every appearance of a serene day, he arose early, to kill partridges with his hawks and falcons, with the design of returning so soon as to have them dressed for his dinner; for he said he never found them so nice and tender, as when they were thus taken, especially when he himself snatched them from the birds of prey. In which all things having succeeded to his wish, he returned when the heat of the day became troublesome; so that being come to the Louvre, with the partridges in his hand, and having ascended to the great hall, he perceived at the further end Varenne and Coquet, who were chatting together in expectation of his return, to whom he called aloud, “ Coquet, Coquet, you shall have no occasion to pity our dinner; for Roquelaure, Termes, Frontenac, Harambure, and I, bring wherewith to treat ourselves: quick, quick, order the cook to spit them; and, after giving them their shares, see that there be eight for my wife and me. Bonneuil here shall carry her her share; and tell her I am going to drink to her health. See that you take for
me

me those that have been a little nipped by the hawks; for there are three large ones, which I myself took from them, and which are not touched at all."

As the king was talking thus, and seeing the game shared, he saw Clielle come, with his great staff; and by his side Parfait, who bore a large gilt bason, covered with a fair napkin, and who from a distance began to call, "Sire, embrace my thigh; Sire, embrace my thigh; for I have got plenty, and nice ones they are." Which the king hearing, he said to those around him, "Here comes Parfait in high glee: this, I warrant you, will add another inch of fat to his ribs. I see he brings me excellent melons, and am glad of it, for I shall eat a bellyful; as they do not hurt me when they are very good, when I eat them while I am very hungry, and before meat, as my physicians prescribe. But you four shall have your shares. So don't run after your partridges, till you have had your melons; which I shall give you, after I have chosen my wife's share and mine, and two which I have promised."

When the king had divided the partridges and melons, he went to his chamber, where he gave two melons to two lads at the door, and whispered some words in their ear. Then passing on, as he was in the midst of his great chamber, he saw come out of the falcon-closet, Fourcy, Beringuen, and La Fonts, the last carrying a large parcel wrapped up, to whom he called, "La Fonts, do you too bring me something for my dinner?"—"Yes, Sire," answered Beringuen; "but it is cold food, and only fit for the eye."—"I want none such," replied the king; "for I am dying with hunger, and must dine before I do any thing. Meanwhile I shall sit down to table, and eat my melons, and take a glass of muscat. But, La Fonts, what the deuce have you there, so well wrapped up?"—"Sire," said Fourcy, "they are designs for patterns of diverse sorts of stuffs, carpets, and tapestry, in which your best manufacturers mean to rival each other." "Very good," said the king; "that will do to shew my wife after dinner. And, faith, now I think of a man (Sully) with whom I
don't

don't always agree, especially when what he calls baubles and trifles are in question and who says often that nothing is elegant that costs double its real value Go you, Fourcy, send for him now: let one of my coaches go, or yours."

* * * * *

"Sire," said Sully to the king, "your majesty speaks to me so kindly, that I see you are in good humour, and better pleased with me than you were a fortnight ago."—"What," answered Henry, "do you still remember that? That is not my way. Don't you know that our tiffs should never last more than twenty-four hour? And I know that the last did not prevent you from setting about a good affair for my finances, the very next morning; which joined with other things, great and small, which I shall tell you, have put me in this joyous humour. The chief is that, for these three months, I have not found myself so light and active as to-day; having mounted my horse without steps or assistance. I have had a fine hunt; my falcons have flown well; and my greyhounds have

have run so that they have taken three large hares. I thought I had lost my best goshawk; it was brought back. I have a good appetite; I have eaten excellent melons; and half-a-dozen quails have been served up at my table, the fattest and most tender that I ever saw. I have intelligence from Provence that the troubles of Marseilles are quite appeased; and like news from other provinces. And, besides, that never was year so fertile; and that my people will be greatly enriched, if I open the exportation. St. Anthoine writes to me that the Prince of Wales (Henry, son of James I.) is always talking to him of me, and promises you his friendship on my account. From Italy I learn that I shall have the satisfaction, the honour, and glory, of reconciling the Venetians with the Pope. Bongars writes to me from Germany, that the new King of Sweden is more and more esteemed by his new subjects; and that the Landgrave of Hesse gains me every day new friends, allies, and assured servants. Buzenval writes to Villeroy that the event of the sieges of Ostend and Sluys having proved good and
evil

evil to both parties, the excessive expenditure of money, the great loss of men, and vast consumpt of ammunition, on both sides, have reduced them to such weakness and want, that they will be equally constrained to listen to a peace, or truce; of which I must necessarily be the mediator and guardian: a fair opening to my wishes of composing all differences between Christian princes.”

“ Besides,” continued the king, “ to increase my content in all these good news, behold me at table, surrounded by worthy men, of whose affection I am secure; and whom you judge capable, I know, of entertaining me with useful and pleasing conversation, which will save me from thoughts of business, till I have finished my dinner; for then will I hear every body, and content them, if reason and justice can.”

* * * * *

After this, the king rising from table, went to meet the queen, who was leaving her chamber to go to her cabinet. As soon as he saw her at a distance he called out, “ Well, *m’amie*, did not I send you excellent melons, excellent

excellent partridges, excellent quails? If you had as good an appetite as I, you must have done them justice, for I never ate so much; nor for a long time have I been in such good humour as to-day. Ask Sully, he will tell you the reason; and will repeat to you all the news I have received, and the conversation that passed between him and me, and three or four others."

"Indeed, Sire," answered the queen, "then we are well met to-day, for I never was more gay, nor in better health, nor dined with better appetite. And to prolong your joy and gladness, and mine too, I have prepared for you a ballet and comedy of my invention; but I will not deny that I have been assisted, for Duret and La Clarelle have not stirred from my side all this morning, while you were at the chace. The ballet will represent, as they have told me, the happiness of the golden age; and the comedy, the most amusing pastimes of the four seasons of the year."

"*M'amie*," replied the king, "I am delighted to see you in such good humour, pray
let

let us always live thus. But that your ballet and comedy may be well danced, and well seen, they must be performed at Sully's, in the great hall, which I desired him to build expressly for such purposes; and he shall see that none are admitted, except those who bring orders to that effect. At present I wish to shew you the patterns of tapestry that Fourcy has brought, that you may tell me your opinion."

CLXXXVI. HISTORICAL CHAPTERS.

I believe it was Hume who introduced, or revived, those long heterogeneous things, called *chapters*, in modern history. Do you remember any ancient history in chapters?

A. Yes, Sir; Florus for one.

True: but they were real chapters, heads, *capita*, very short. Livy and Dio, you know, have about fifty books each*. Guicciardini is in books: all classical histories are in books. Gibbon says, that if he came to give a complete revision, and new edition, of his work,

* Dio has eighty.

he would call his chapters books. How would you like Milton's *Paradise Lost* in chapters? The very idea is a solecism, whether in verse or prose.

CLXXXVII. ATHEISM THE OFFSPRING
OF FANATICISM.

These horrible affairs in France are the offspring of fanaticism. Yes, Sir; if the reformation had taken place there, as well as here, religion and the clergy would have been respected, as they are here. Fanatics make atheists. If I cannot believe in God, without believing that a wafer is God, my reason abjures the deity. I wish religion to exist: it is of infinite use to society, and I therefore wish it to be as rational as possible. A synod of the English church might order several objectionable tenets, and expressions, of our worship to be altered. I love those reforms that prevent revolutions, by keeping pace with the gradual progress of reason and knowledge.

CLXXXVIII. ABDICATION OF PHILIP OF
SPAIN.

The abdication of Philip V. of Spain is one of the oddest events of this century. Yet he, or rather his queen, still directed public affairs after their retreat to St. Ildefonso.

She was an artful woman; and it is supposed that the abdication was but a step to the succession to the French throne, expected on the death of Louis XV. who, when a boy, was very weakly, and not expected to live.

[This was in 1724. But the king, his son, dying of the small-pox, in six or seven months after his coronation, Philip V. resumed the sceptre, which he held till 1746.]

CLXXXIX. A COMPLIMENT OF STATE.

The Duke of Bourbon demanded one of the grand-daughters of George I. as a wife, for Louis XV. The old king was pleased with the proposal; but answered, as was ex-

L 2

pected,

pected, that the laws of the country prevented such an alliance.

The French court knew this : but the offer was highly flattering ; and this was its sole intention.

CXC. PORTRAIT OF NINON.

I was desirous to have a portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos ; and now that I have it I don't like it. She tries to look charming, you see, and she looks tipsy.

CXCI. LACHRYMATORIES.

The idea that lachrymatories, so called, were used for collecting tears at Roman funerals, seems to pass away. Some have been found with stoppers, and retaining a faint smell of the perfumes lodged in them—their real destination.

CXCII. BOURBON.

The Duke of Bourbon, who succeeded Orleans the regent, in the management of French affairs, during the minority of Louis XV. was but a weak man ; and was ruled by
his

his mistress Madame de Prye, herself a weak woman. Her portrait, which I have in crayons, seems to confirm the insipidity of her character, but shews that she was beautiful.

The duke had another mistress, a Madame Tessier, a woman of the most infamous character.

I suppose the marriage of Louis XV. to the daughter of Stanislaus, the dethroned king of Poland, to have proceeded from female intrigues. The princess was so much unprepared for this high honour, that Madame de Prye was obliged to send her shifts and gowns.

CXCIII. DEVOTION OF LOUIS XIV.

In his old age Louis XIV. was either led by his own superstition, or by the artifices of his wife Maintenon, to an excess of devotion. His courtiers, as usual, rivalled him in weakness; and some of them, it is said, would take the sacrament twice in a day.

CXCIV. DUBOIS.

The infamous Abbé, afterwards Cardinal,
 L 3 Dubois

Dubois was a proper coadjutor for the Regent Orleans. When the latter was young, Dubois was introduced by St. Laurent to teach him Latin; and the abbé availed himself of this opportunity to flatter his pupil's passions, and give him lessons of early depravity.

Soon as D'Estrées, Archbishop of Cambrai, died, Dubois ran to the regent, whom he found in bed with Emily, an opera girl. The duke immediately consented to appoint this worthy ecclesiastic to the vacant archbishopric; and a solemn oath by all the charms of Emily sanctioned the claim of Dubois.

CXCV. SPLENDID MISER.

Roffi's Pinacotheca is a curious collection of biographic portraits in miniature. One of them, a Greek, and a splendid miser, would form a dramatic character.

[Alluding to Dichæus Dichæanus. As the book is little known, some extracts from that singular piece of biography may serve to diversify this lounging farrago.

Dichæus Dichæanus was brought to Rome from Greece, when a boy, by his father, a

silversmith. As he grew to manhood, he became remarkable for the solemnity of his demeanour, and the fordidness of his disposition; which, however, did not prevent his being chosen, or appointed, one of the municipal judges of that city.

In this public character his singularities became the more noted; and his violence of temper was no valuable characteristic of the magistrate.

One day an advocate came to him to explain the suit of a client, and to request a speedy decision. In the course of the conversation the advocate shewed such superior skill in the law, and such pre-eminence in argument, that Dichæus became very angry, and evinced that he at least excelled in bodily strength, by knocking down the advocate. Scarcely had Dichæus retired into another room, when one of his fellow-judges, arrayed in similar garments, entered: and the advocate, by an unfortunate mistake, avenged upon his carcase the drubbing he had received from our judge.

But his most singular oddity was an attempt

to unite the opposite characters of great parsimony, and magnificent appearance, which last he thought himself obliged to maintain, as he claimed a descent from the Byzantine emperors.

From his father he inherited many elegant articles of furniture, and particularly an expensive sideboard of plate. The table was spread twice a day, as if for grand entertainments; and the servants were sent out with silver dishes and covers, which, after passing a few streets, they brought back empty as they went out; while their master, amidst all this shew, was dining on cheap vegetables, or sometimes a morsel of pork or mutton. His supper, thus splendidly arrayed, was an egg, or a few olives, with a gill of four wine.

After his miserable meals, every particle of bread that fell was carefully gathered, and preserved to enrich the soup of a future day.

To his cook wood was given out by measure, and he was charged to lend nothing to any neighbour, upon pain of forfeiting a day's wages.

In the evening six grand silver candlesticks
were

were brought into his apartment. If any visitor came in, Dichæus lighted one of the candles; then walking about the room he lighted another, and extinguished the first; and so on, till the sixth candle had its turn. Beyond this he permitted no visit to last, but dismissed his company, and withdrew to his bedroom, where a little lamp alone enlightened the darkness.

When he went out his servants attended him in rich liveries; but on their return they were ordered to resume their own clothes, that they might not wear out the splendour of their master. His coachman once doubling his cloke under him, Dichæus stopped his chariot in the midst of Rome, and alarmed the city by his threats and imprecations.

Sometimes, for the greater state, two fellows were hired to attend him, whom he dressed out in silken robes, and on his return stripped and dismissed.

In the winter no fire was permitted, except in the kitchen. His servants were ordered to walk in the sun, or if the sky were cloudy, to run races, or draw water from a deep

deep well, that they might be warmed without the expence of fire. He himself was shut up in his bedroom, over a miserable spark, sustained by all the dirty and waste paper, which he had carefully collected during the other seasons of the year.

During his last sickness, when he was puzzled to whom he should bequeath his property, a letter came from a relation, written on an inch of paper. Instead of being enraged at such disrespect, his avarice got the better of his pride, and he declared the writer his heir, esteeming him worthy to be his successor in parsimony.]

CXCVI. ACT OF FRIENDSHIP.

A Cambridge gentleman, of undoubted veracity, told me a story, which he had from a young man, whose father, a miller in that neighbourhood, was the person concerned. This miller, about three o'clock in a summer morning, was driving his cart along an old track, rather than road, near Cambridge, and the young man, then a boy, with him. The wheel suddenly sinking in, they freed the
cart,

cart, and perceived that the wheel had broken the top of a little kind of brick-vault. This exciting their curiosity, they opened more of the vault, and found large pieces of iron, and some smaller under them of a yellow metal. Suspecting it to be gold, they picked it up carefully.

Soon after a friend of theirs going to London, they desired him to sell those bits of yellow metal; and he brought them thirty pounds as their share, after deducting expences. However, this false friend, soon after kept race-horses, and went into different kinds of extravagance, living at a great rate for a short time. But not being successful, he died of what is called a broken heart, and confessed on his death-bed, that he had received nine hundred pounds for the gold.

CXCVII. IMPIOUS PIETY.

The name of God has often been oddly misapplied. I have got a warming-pan that belonged to Charles II. and was probably used for the beds of his mistresses. It is inscribed, *Serve God, and live for ever.*

CXCVIII.

CXCVIII. PAINTING ON VELVET.

That is a specimen of a newly-invented art of painting on velvet. You may sit on it, rub it, brush it, and it is never the worse.

CXCIX. QUEEN OF JAMES II.

Lord Hailes is very rich in anecdotes. He is now in town, but I was shocked to see him; he is so ill with a paralytic complaint that he can hardly speak. He told me that the Earl of Stair, when embassador in France, shewed marks of respect to the exiled queen of James II. She sent to thank him, and to say, that she had received less attention, where she had reason to expect more.

Stair said that the queen bitterly lamented the misconduct of her husband, and imputed the whole blame to Father Petre.

CC. MINIATURES.

The chief boast of my collection is the portraits of eminent and remarkable persons, particularly the miniatures, and enamels; which,

which, so far as I can discover, are superior to any other collection whatever. The works I possess of Isaac and Peter Oliver are the best extant; and those I bought in Wales for 300 guineas are as well preserved as when they came from the pencil.

CCI. STRAWBERRY-HILL.

The name Strawberry-hill was not, as some suppose, a modern appellation. In the old leases it is named Strawberry-hill Shot. The house was built by a nobleman's coachman for a lodging-house; and some people of rank lived in it before it came to me.

CCII. REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds gets avaricious in his old age. My picture of the young ladies Waldegrave is doubtless very fine and graceful; but it cost me 800 guineas.

CCIII. ANANAS.

The culture of pine-apples was certainly known in England in the time of Charles II. as that picture on my right hand shews. It
represents

represents Rose the gardener presenting a pine-apple to Charles ; and the likeness of the king is too marked, and his features too well known, to leave any room for doubt.

CCIV. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 19, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL not use many words, but enough I hope to convince you that I meant no irony in my last. All I said of you, and of myself, was very sincere. It is my true opinion that your understanding is one of the strongest, most manly, and clearest, I ever knew ; and as I hold my own to be of a very inferior kind, and know it to be incapable of all sound deep application, to all abstract science and abstract speculation, I should have been foolish and very partial, if I had attempted to sneer at you or your pursuits. Mine have always been light, trifling, and tended to nothing but my casual amusement—I will not say, without a little vain ambition of shewing some parts, but never with industry sufficient to
make

make me apply them to any thing solid. My studies, if they could be called so, and my productions, were alike desultory. In my latter age I discovered the futility both of my objects and writings—I felt how insignificant is the reputation of an author of mediocrity; and that, being no genius*, I only added one name more to a list of writers; but had told the world nothing but what it could as well be without. These reflections were the best proofs of my sense; and when I could see through my own vanity, there is less wonder at my discovering that such talents, as I might have had, are impaired at seventy-two. Being just to myself, I am not such a coxcomb as to be unjust to you. Nor did I cover any irony towards you in the opinion I gave you of making deep writings palatable to the mass of readers. Examine my words, and I am sure you will find that if there was any thing ironic in my meaning, it was levelled at your readers, not at you. It is my opinion that who-

* Too modest. The author of the *Mysterious Mother* was undoubtedly a man of genius—as well as of wit and genuine taste.

ever wishes to be read by many, if his subject is weighty and solid, he must treat the majority with more than is to his purpose. Do not you believe that twenty name Lucretius, because of the poetic commencements of his books, for five that wade through his philosophy?

I promised to say but little—and if I have explained myself clearly, I have said enough. It is not my character to be a flatterer. I do most sincerely think you capable of great things; and I should be a pitiful knave if I told you so, unless it was my opinion. And what end could it answer to me? Your course is but beginning—mine is almost terminated. I do not want you to throw a few daisies on my grave*; and if you make the figure I augur you will, I shall not be a wit-

* ————— sine pondere terram,

Spirantesque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver.

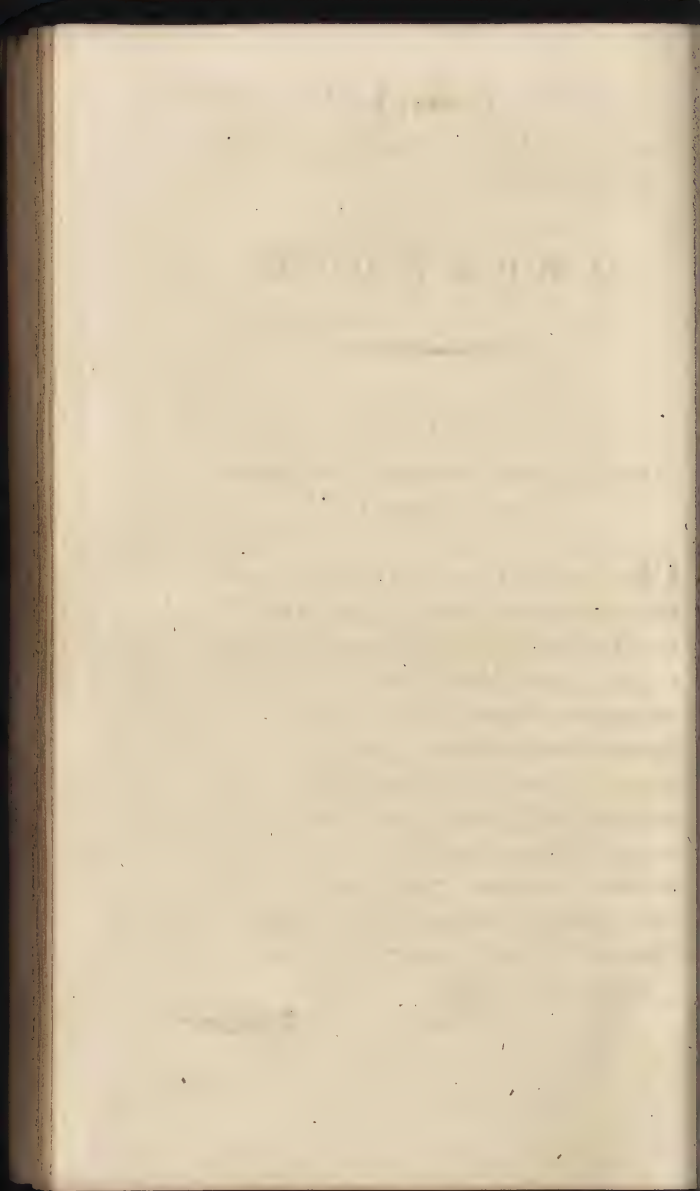
Gentle spirit, the interested arts and insinuations that missed thy two last years of extreme old age, when even talents glimmer ere they die, shall never injure the impressions of gratitude!

ness

ness to it. Adieu ! Dear Sir, pray believe
me, what I am,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.



A P P E N D I X.

A R T. I.

LIST OF BOOKS PRINTED AT STRAW- BERRY-HILL.

- ODES by Mr. Gray, 1757. 1100, 4to.
Part of Hentzner, 12mo. 1757. 220.
Royal and Noble Authors, 12mo. 1758. 300.
Fugitive Pieces, ditto. 200. —
Whitworth's Russia, ditto. 700.
Spence's Parallel, ditto. 700.
Bentley's Lucan, 4to. 1759. 500.
Anecdotes of Painting, 1761. 600.
Second Edition, ditto.
Herbert's Life, 4to. 1764. 200.
Lady Temple's Poems, 1764. 100.
Cornelie Tragedie, 12mo. 1768. 200, 150
went to Paris.

M 2

Myſterious

Myſterious Mother, 12mo. 1768. 50 copies.

Hoyland's Poems, 12mo. 1769. 300.

✓ Memoires de Grammont, 4to. 1771. 100.
30 to Paris.

✓ Letters of Edward VI. 4to. 1771. 200.

✓ Miscellaneous Antiquities, 4to. 1772. 500.
Mr. Fitzpatrick's Dorinda; and Fox's verſes
to Mrs. Crew, 1775. 300.

The Sleepwalker Com. 1778. 75 copies.

✓ Letter to Editor of Chatterton, 1779. 200.
Mr. Miller's Verſes to Lady Hor. Walde-
grave, 1780. 150.

✓ Fourth Vol. Anecdotes of Painting. 600, l.
Printed in 1770, not published till 1780.

✓ Mr. Jones's Ode on Lord Althorp's Marriage,
1781. 250.

Letter from Thomas Walpole, 4to. 1781.
120.

✓ Tranſlation by the Duke of Nivernois, 1785.
400. 200 went to Paris.

This liſt of the Strawberry-hill books was
copied in Mr. Walpole's preſence.

ART. II.

THE OLD FRENCH POEMS REFERRED
TO, VOL. II. p. 73.

*Combien est heureuse la vie de Celuy qui fait sa
demeure aux champs, par Philippe de Vitrac,
Evesque de Meaux.*

Sous feuille verte, sur herbe delectable,
Sur ruy bruyant, et sur claire fontaine,
Trouvay fichée une borde portable,
La mangeoit Gontier avec dame Helene.

Frais fromage, laiët, beurre fromagée,
Cresme, maton, prune, noix, pomme, poire,
Cibot, oignon, escalogne froyee,
Sur crouste bise, au gros sel, pour mieux boire.

Au gouter beurent, et oisillons harpoyent,
Pour rebaudir et le dru et la drue;
Qui par amours depuis s'entrebaïsoyent,
Et bouche et née, et polie et barbue.

Quand eurent prins des doux mets de nature,
Tantost Gontier, hache au col, au bois entre:
Et dame Helenè si mit toute sa cure
A ce buer * qui coeuurs dos et ventre.

* To wash linnen.

J'oui Gontier, en abbattant son arbre,
Dieu mercier de sa vie tres seure :

“ Ne scay, dit il, que soint piliers de marbre,
“ Pommeaux luisans, mure vestue de pein-
cture.

“ Je n'ay paour de trahison, tissue
“ Sous bien semblant ; ne qu'empoisonné soye
“ En vaisseau d'or. Je n'ay la teste nue
“ Devant tyran, ny genouil qui se ploye.

“ Verge d'huissier jamais ne me deboute,
“ Car jusques la ne me prend convoitise.
“ Ambition ne lescherie gloute :
“ Labour me paist en joyeuse franchise.

“ J'aym dame Heleine, et elle moy sans faille,
“ Et c'est assez : de tombel n'avons cure.”
Lors dis, Helas ! Serf de cour ne vaut maille !
Mais franc Gontier vaut en or gemme pure !

*Combien est miserable la vie du Tyran: par
Pierre d'Alliac, Evesque de Cambray.*

UN chasteau scay sur roche espouventable,
En lieu venteux, la rive perilleuse:
La vy tyran, seant a haute table,
En grand palais, en falc plantureuse.

Environné de famille pompeuse,
Pleine de fraude, d'envie, et de murmure;
Vuide de foy, d'amour, de paix joyeuse,
Serve subiecte par convoiteuse ardeur.

Vins et viandes avoit il sans mesure,
Chairs et poissons occis en mainte guise;
Froucts, et fausses de diverse teincture,
Et entremets faicts par art a devise.

Le mal glouton par tous guerte et advise,
Pour appetit trouver, et quiert maniere
Comment sa bouche, de lescherie esprise,
Son ventre emplisse comm' bourse pantonniere.

Mais sac à fiene, pulente cimetiere,
Sepulcre à vin, corps bouffi, crasse panse,
Pour tous ses biens en foy n' alie chiere,
Car ventre faoul n'a en faveur plaifance.

Ne le delite, jeu, ris, bal, ne danse,
Car tant convoite, tant quiert, et tant desire,
Qu'en rien qu'il ayt n'a vraye suffisance ;
Acquerir veut ou Royaume ou Empire.

Pour avarice sent douloureux martire ;
Trahison doute, en nully ne se fie :
Cœur a felon, enflé d'orgueil et d'ire,
Triste, pensif, plein de melancolie.

Las, trop mieux vaut de franc Gontier la vie,
Sobre lieffe, et nette poureté,
Que poursuyvir, par orde gloutonnie,
Cour de tyran, riche malheureté !

ART. III.

TWO LETTERS FROM HORACE WALPOLE
TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

LETTER I.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 1st, 1781.

I AM truly sensible of, and grateful for, your lordship's benevolent remembrance of me, and shall receive with great respect and pleasure, the collection your lordship has been pleased to order to be sent to me. I must admire too, my lord, the generous assistance that you have lent to your adopted children; but more forcibly than all I feel your pathetic expressions on the distress of the public, which is visible even in this extravagant and thoughtless city. The number of houses to be let in every street, whoever runs may read. At the time of your writing your letter, your lordship did not know the accumulation of misfortune and disgrace that has fallen on us; nor should I wish to be the trumpeter of my country's calamities. Yet as they must float
on

on the surface of the mind, and blend their hue with all its emanations, they suggest this reflection, that there can be no time so proper for the institution of inquiries into past story as the moment of the fall of an empire — a nation becomes a theme for antiquaries, when it ceases to be one for an historian! — and while its ruins are fresh and in légitible preservation.

I congratulate your lordship on the discovery of the Scottish monarch's portrait in Suabia, and am sorry you did not happen to specify of which; but I cannot think of troubling your lordship to write again on purpose; I may probably find it mentioned in some of the papers I shall receive.

There is one passage in your lordship's letter, in which I cannot presume to think myself included; and yet if I could suppose I was, it would look like most impertinent neglect and unworthiness of the honour that your lordship and the society has done me, if I did not at least offer very humbly to obey it. You are pleased to say, my lord, that the members, when authors, have agreed to
give

give copies of such of their works as any way relate to the objects of the institution. Amongst my very trifling publications, I think there are none that can pretend even remotely to that distinction, but the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, and the Anecdotes of Painting, in each of which are Scottish authors or artists. If these should be thought worthy of a corner on any shelf of the society's library, I should be proud of sending, at your lordship's command, the original edition of the first. Of the latter I have not a single set left but my own. But I am printing a new edition in octavo, with many additions and corrections, though without cuts, as the former edition was too dear for many artists to purchase. The new I will send when finished, if I could hope it would be acceptable, and your lordship would please to tell me by what channel.

I am ashamed, my lord, to have said so much, or any thing, relating to myself. I ask your pardon too for the slovenly writing of my letter, but my hand is both lame and shaking, and I should but write worse if I
attempted

attempted transcribing. I have the honour
to be, with great respect,

My lord,

Your lordship's most obedient

and obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. It has this moment started into my mind, my lord, that I have heard that at the old castle at Aubigny, belonging and adjoining to the Duke of Richmond's house, there are historic paintings or portraits of the ancient house of Lenox. I recollect too that Father Gordon, superior of the Scots college at Paris, shewed me a whole length of Queen Mary, young, and which he believed was painted while she was Queen of France. He shewed me too the original letter she wrote the night before her execution, some deeds of Scottish kings, and one of King (I think Robert) Bruce, remarkable for having no seal appendent, which, Father Gordon said, was executed

executed in the time of his so great distress that he was not possessed of a seal. I shall be happy if these hints lead to any investigation of use.

LETTER II.

Strawberry-hill, May 12, 1783.

MY LORD,

I DID not know, till I received the honour of your lordship's letter, that any obstruction had been given to your charter. I congratulate your lordship and the society on the defeat of that opposition, which does not seem to have been a liberal one. The pursuit of national antiquities has rarely been an object, I believe, with any university: why should they obstruct others from marching in that track? I have often thought the English Society of Antiquaries have gone out of their way when they meddled with Roman remains, especially if not discovered within our island. Were I to speak out, I should own that I hold most reliques of the Romans, that
have

have been found in Britain, of little consequence, unless relating to such emperors as visited us. Provincial armies stationed in so remote and barbarous a quarter as we were then, acted little, produced little worth being remembered. Tombstones erected to legionary officers and their families, now dignified by the title of *Inscriptions*; and banks and ditches that surrounded camps, which we understand much better by books and plans, than by such faint fragments, are given with much pomp, and tell us nothing new. Your lordship's new foundation seems to proceed on a much more rational and more useful plan. The biography of the illustrious of your country will be an honour to Scotland, to those illustrious, and to the authors; and may contribute considerably to the general history; for the investigation of particular lives may bring out many anecdotes that may unfold secrets of state, or explain passages in such histories as have been already written; especially as the manners of the times may enter into private biography, though before

Voltaire

Voltaire *manners* were rarely weighed in general history, though very often the sources of considerable events. I shall be very happy to see such lives as shall be published, while I remain alive.

I cannot contribute any thing of consequence to your lordship's meditated account of John Law. I have heard many anecdotes of him, though none that I can warrant, particularly that of the duel for which he fled early. I met the other day with an account in some French literary gazette, I forget which, of his having carried off the wife of another man. Lady Catherine Law his wife lived, during his power in France, in the most stately manner. Your lordship knows to be sure that he died and is buried at Venice. I have two or three different prints of him, and an excellent head of him in crayons by Rosalba, the best of her portraits. It is certainly very like, for were the flowing wig converted into a female head-dress, it would be the exact resemblance of Lady Wallingford, his daughter, whom I see frequently at the Duchess of Montrose's, and who has by no means a look
of

of the age to which she is arrived. Law was a very extraordinary man, but not at all an estimable one.

Dr. Hunter's magnificent future donation will be a great addition to the collection of curiosities in Scotland, though, I suppose, not much connected with the pursuits of your society: but it will gratify the thirst of knowledge which does your country, my lord, so much honour.

I shall wish much to see Lord Hailes's life of Barclay, and the other of James Ist. when finished, and that of the regent Murray. May I ask your lordship if there is any portrait known of the last?

I don't remember whether I ever told your lordship that there are many charters of your ancient kings preserved in the Scots college at Paris, and probably many other curiosities. I think I did mention many paintings of the old house of Lenox in the ancient castle at Aubigny. Was not one of your countrymen, my lord, constable of France? I suspect my memory is worse than it was, and therefore you will excuse me
both

both if I make mistakes, forget names, or repeat what I have said before, when zeal to obey your commands draws me into blunders or tautology. I have the honour to be

Your lordship's

Most obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

ART. IV.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

YOUR anecdote concerning Lady Wortley Montague, containing the assertion—“When the publication was about to take place, Lord Bute, who had married her daughter, sent for the editor, and offered one hundred pounds to suppress them. The man took the money, promised—and published”—is a gross mistake. My worthy and intimate friend, the Rev. Benjamin Sowden, of Rotterdam, who died during the American contest, informed me, in some of those annual visits he paid to Ipswich (where I was once settled), and to London, to the following purpose: When Lady Mary Wortley Montague was returning from the continent to England, she resided for a while at Rotterdam, waiting for a twenty-gun frigate to bring her safely over, as it was a time of war. During her stay Mr. Sowden waited upon her. His good-sense, agreeable conversation, and
suitable

suitable conduct, were so pleasing to her ladyship, that she made him a present of her manuscript letters; and, in her own handwriting, attested her having given them to Mr. Sowden. Lady Bute having been informed (probably by Lady Montague's chaplain), that the manuscripts of her ladyship were in the possession of Mr. Sowden, claimed them of him. He consulted, if I mistake not, among others, Messrs. Cliffords, the bankers. Lord Bute was acquainted with the particular donation of them to Mr. Sowden. The giving them up was still urged. At length Messrs. Cliffords and Mr. Sowden concluding, that a proper acknowledgment for so valuable a manuscript treasure would undoubtedly be made, the letters were safely conveyed to Lady Bute. No acknowledgment was made. The letters were shortly after published, and had an amazing sale. This raised the spirits of Messrs. Cliffords and Sowden, and such measures were taken, that the latter was presented with three hundred pounds. It was at length discovered, that a Scotchman, who was to enjoy the whole pro-

fits of the impression, paid the three hundred pounds. I remember, that meeting Mr. Sowden afterwards at Mr. Field's, the bookseller, the latter said to the former, if we had possessed the publishing and sale of them jointly, we should each have gotten three hundred pounds.

Your humble servant,

St. Neot's,
April 9, 1798.

WILLIAM GORDON.

* * This tale is far from being clearly told. Perhaps for *editor*, in Mr. Walpole's account of the transaction, we should read *bookseller*. The matter is, indeed, of little moment, the chief object being the authenticity of Lady M. W. Montague's letters, which Mr. Gordon's story confirms.

Several other epistles concerning the Walpoliana are omitted, as proceeding on mere misapprehension, or difference of opinion.

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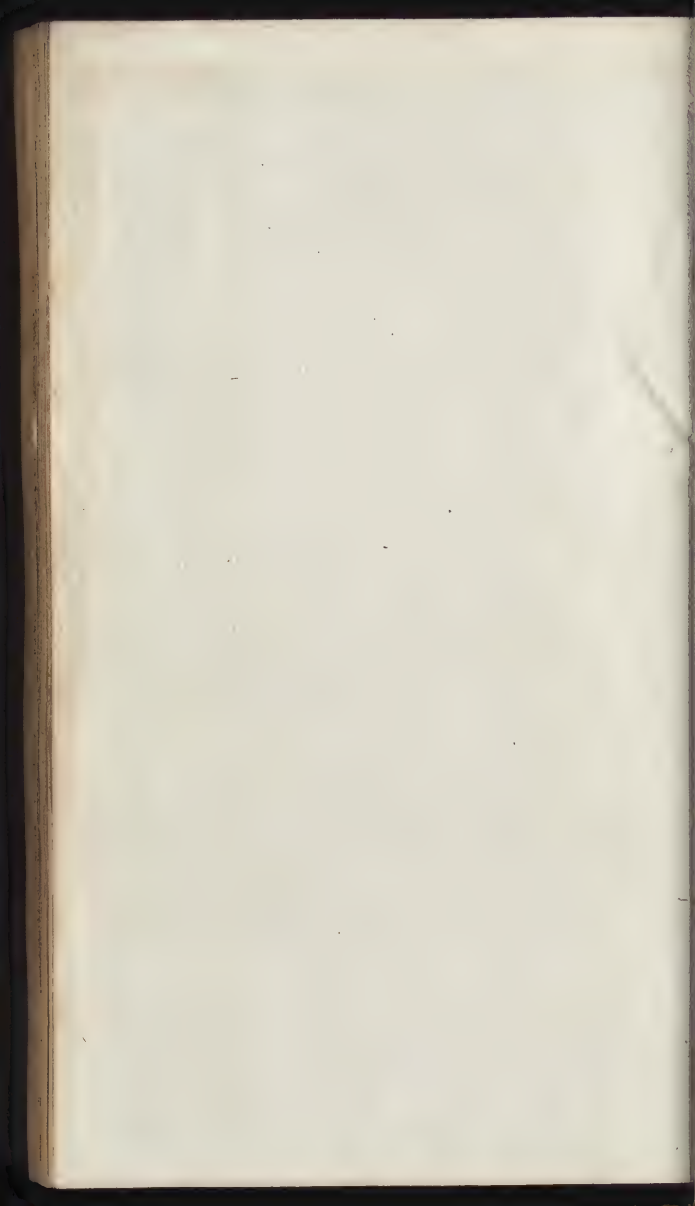
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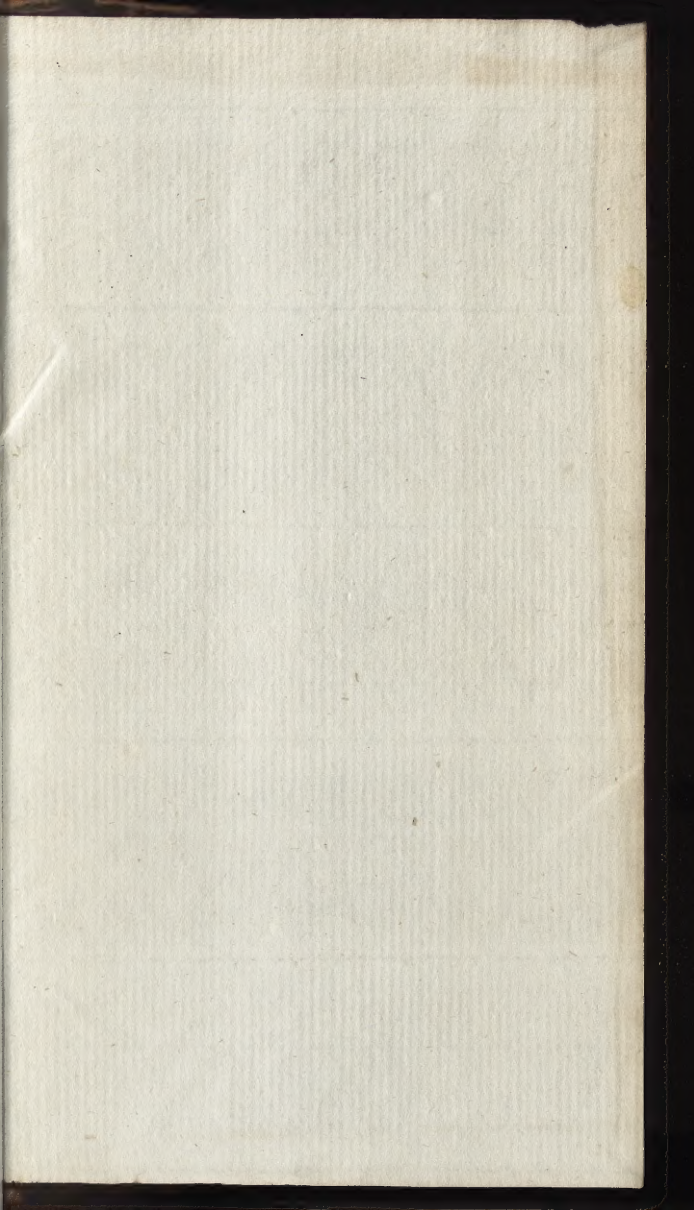
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